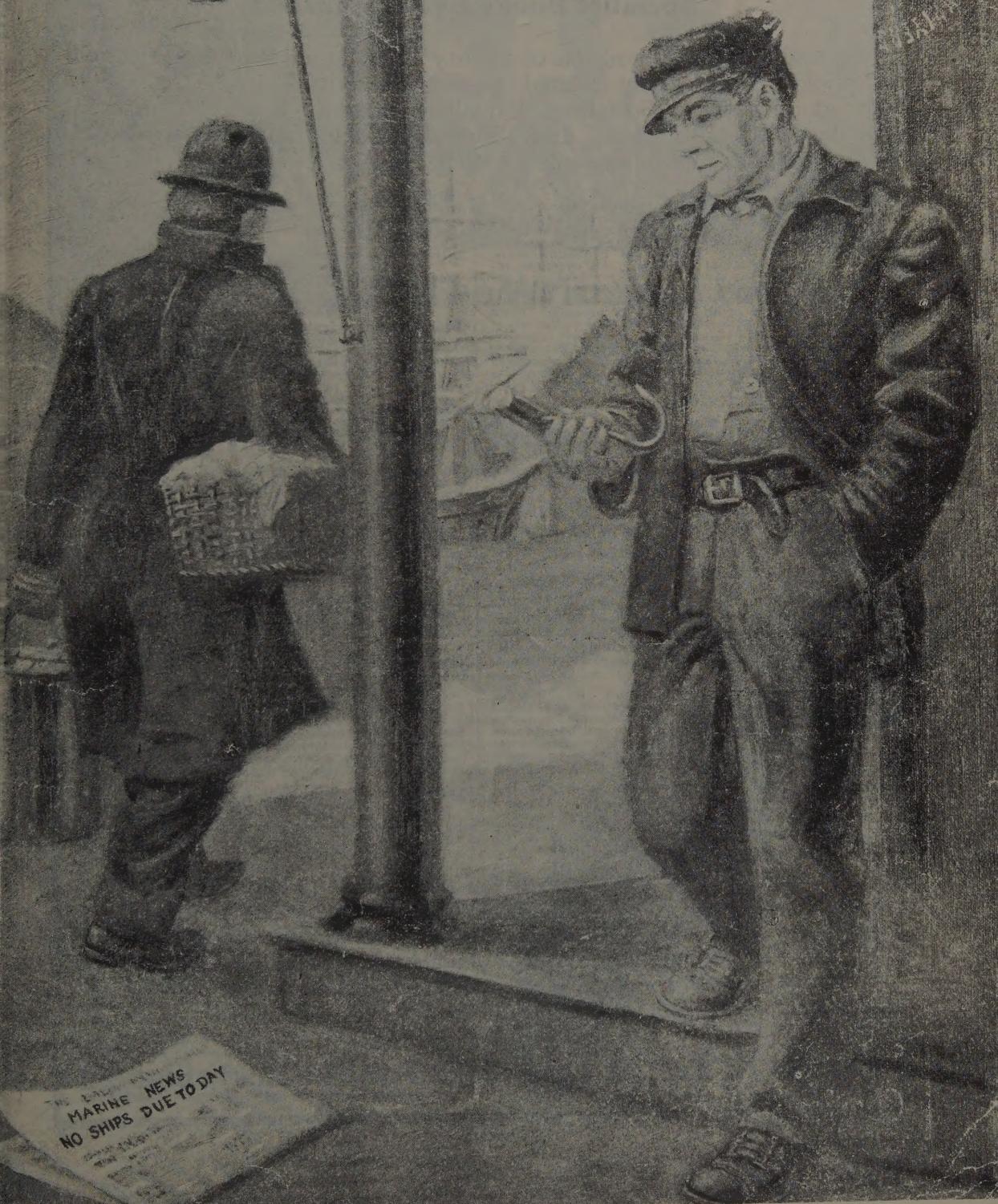


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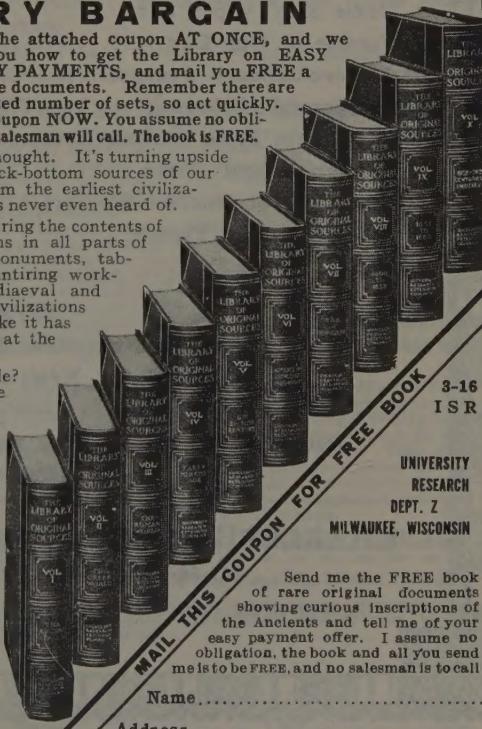
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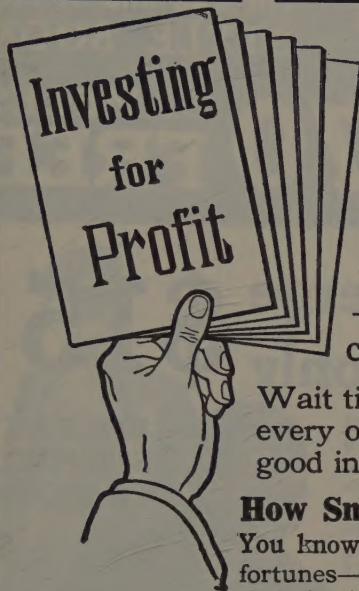
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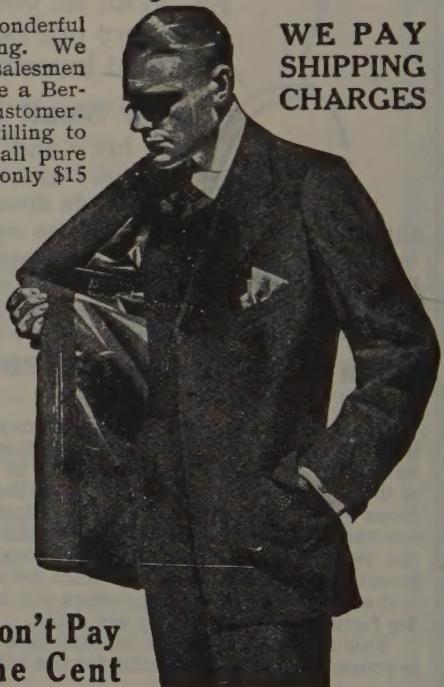
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**THE
ANTHRACITE
FRAME-UP**

THE miners, who are about to demand a 20% increase in wages in the anthracite coal mines, will appreciate the opportune appearance of Scott Nearing's new book, "Anthracite," at just this time. This work conclusively punctures the colossal frame-up planned by the coal barons to prejudice the public against the miners and make it (the public) the ally of these piratical millionaires in their scheme to soak the "consumers" something like \$23,000,000 on the pretense of paying the raise in wages asked.

Scott Nearing shows how the coal operators worked this same game in 1912 when the miners asked a 20% increase to meet the rising cost of living. At that time the coal operators actually did increase the wages of the miners a little over 5% which amounted to \$4,000,000 yearly while these same operators soaked the coal-buying public \$13,000,000 a year in increased prices claiming that this sum was to swell the coffers of the bloated miners.

In the *Chicago Tribune* for February 7th a full page advertisement appears,

signed by officials of the Scranton, Delaware, Lackawanna, Dodson, Green Ridge, Kingston, Lehigh Valley, Philadelphia & Reading, Pennsylvania and other anthracite coal companies inside the combination. We quote in part:

"The miners are now demanding substantial concessions entailing such additional burdens upon the operation of our mines that we deem it our duty to frankly and fully lay before the public the problem which confronts us—a problem which will ultimately affect every user of anthracite coal. The demand, for 20% increase in wages, alone, will, in the aggregate, bring about an increase in the cost of anthracite coal to the consumers, exceeding \$23,000,000.

"Mining, though carried on by the most scientific methods, yields an exceedingly small return upon the actual capital invested, and while it is to be freely admitted that certain mines, worked under peculiarly favorable conditions, yield liberal profits, it is equally true that many anthracite mines, the product of which is needed by the public, are at present either operated at no profit, or with so narrow a margin of profit that it is a matter of indifference to the operator whether or not they continue to be operated.

"The average returns are too small to meet the increased cost of additional compensation to miners, or substantial changes in conditions of employment, without a consequent increase in the price of coal to the consumer.

"We believe that the users of anthracite coal are vitally interested in the readjustment of April 1, 1916, of the relations between the operators and the miners.

"Because of the extraordinary industrial conditions—caused by the war—the price of labor has rapidly advanced. A determined effort will be made by the miners to secure increased wages which would be unexpected and unwarranted in ordinary times. Such demands, if granted, would place a heavy and permanent burden upon every user of anthracite coal.

"We have conceived it our duty to inform the users of anthracite coal of the state of affairs, in order that an enlightened public sentiment may operate to fairly adjust the conditions, which will

arise, and which must be discussed and determined within the next few weeks.

"If, after such presentation, the users of anthracite coal say it is our duty to make a large advance in the income of the miners and others employed in the industry, and are prepared to meet the advanced cost of paying a higher price for coal, now is the time to say so, and we can meet the issue on that basis, but if the anthracite coal-using public is opposed to such concessions, its voice should be plainly heard."

On page 43 of his volume on anthracite, Prof Scott Nearing says:

"Anthracite is a concentrated, monopolized natural resource upon which tens of millions depend for fuel and tens of thousands for a livelihood. There is probably no resource of like value which affects directly a larger number of people. Many resources reach the consumer by a round-about way. The iron ore travels a long road from the blast furnace to the watch-spring. A white oak undergoes many changes before it appears in the dining-room table. . . . The relation between anthracite and the consumer is direct and immediate.

"Here are millions of people who depend for their fuel upon one resource. Are they in a position to say how much coal shall be mined and under what circumstances?

"Obviously they cannot. First, because the coal fields are privately owned under a system of property ownership that permits the owner to do practically as he will with his own. Second, because the virtual control of the anthracite fields is vested in a very small group of persons who make common cause wherever their interests are threatened!"

A man may inherit a barren tract of land, which he holds only because it is believed to be so worthless that nobody will buy it, or another may purchase a hilly region for a shooting lodge at 20 cents an acre. Later, if coal is found upon these lands, the owners who have spent little money and neither labor nor brains in producing that coal, accidentally become monopolists of the coal on that land. These men proceed to hold up the public for what they now own and what the public needs. The men who give

value to the coal in the ground are the miners who dig it out.

Prof. Nearing says:

"Many consumers believe that the miner receives a major portion of the \$7.00 which they are called upon to pay for a ton of coal. They have been told repeatedly by the coal companies that if the wages of the miners are raised, let us say 10%, a corresponding increase must be made in the price of the product in order to recompense the coal companies for the increased cost of production. As a matter of fact, the mining costs constitute a comparatively small element in the price of a ton of coal."

One company described in the Federal Report on Anthracite Prices, Nearing quotes, produced coal "at the colliery in 1912 at \$2.215." In other words, in 1912 the 8,671,013 tons of anthracite produced by this company cost, on the average, \$2.22 at the mine. The company reported in that year a total of 27,463 employees. The \$7.00-ton of stove coal purchased by the consumer in New York or Philadelphia actually cost the coal mining company a little over \$2.00."

"This illustration is only one of a number of instances declared in the report to be typical which the investigators brought to light in the course of their researches. The coal at the mine costs less than \$2.25, average, per ton . . . and no effort was spared to load on the cost account every item it might be asked to carry."

"The entire cost of the coal on the cars ready for shipment from the mines is only a little over \$2.00, or less than one-third of the price paid by the consumer." This included "taxes," mine rents, insurance, law expenses, real estate department, sinking fund and extraordinary expenses, the cost of maintaining the "New York office," etc.

Nearing says that of what is called the "mine cost," only a quarter goes to the man who does the mining." This means that the miners receive less than a tenth of the value of their product."

Prof. Nearing continues:

"It is evident from these figures that people must give over the idea that the miner is the chief beneficiary of the price paid for coal. The mine workers of all descriptions get only a quarter of it. Mine profit, selling cost, and railroad

freight rate cover two-fifths of the price of the coal to the consumer. . . . The amount taken by the operator and the railroad is greater than the entire labor cost of each ton of coal, or even of the total mine cost of the coal. . . . When the consumer pays \$7.00 for a ton of stove coal, he is paying a far larger part of his money to the operator, the railroad and the retailer than he pays to the miner."

And the miner produces the coal.

According to the U. S. Census Bureau report, published in 1902, one-third of the anthracite workers received less than \$1.50 daily, more than four-fifths of them received less than \$2.50 and over nineteen-twentieths of them received less than \$3.50 a day. (Nearing's Anthracite, page 100.)

The Coal Strike Commission summed up its opinion regarding the hazards of the anthracite industry by stating:

"We find that it should be classed as one of the dangerous industries of the country, ranking with several of the most dangerous."

In its statement of operations of the Wilkes-Barre Company, issued its report showing that the expenses of doing business for that year were \$3,750,000 less than receipts. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western wound up the same period with a surplus for the year of \$4,013,171, a total of 33.17 per cent earned on stock. Only a few years ago the Lackawanna paid 53 per cent on stock. The Lehigh Valley surplus has mounted up to \$25,000,000.

Now the Review is little concerned with the consumer, as such. Socialism demands that the men who mine and haul the coal receive the social value of their product instead of the stockholders, retailers, railroad companies, real estate owners and bankers.

As Prof. Nearing proves, the coal operators possess a monopoly of the necessity commodity, anthracite coal, and they propose to milk the public for all the traffic will bear. They doubtless sell their coal above its value. But this excessive price does not necessarily work any particular hardship to the working class as a whole, because the wages of the workers are determined—to a large extent—by the cost of living, and wages are only higher in

the United States than they are in Mexico, where there are no monopolies, because of the monopolies in this country.

However, we are interested in seeing the anthracite miners win a larger part of the value of the coal they produce. We want them to ultimately get ALL of the value they create.

The miners will need the support of every Socialist and every rebel in gaining their demands for a higher wage on April 1st. The truth about the coal operators' contemplated hold-up will show the public just what these pirates are trying to put over. Get every Socialist and labor paper in your State to take up this point. Write letters to the capitalist papers. Order a copy of Scott Nearing's

book on "Anthracite" (price \$1.00, net), and get and give the truth about the anthracite fields to the public.

The coal mines must belong to the people who work and the people who work the mines must receive the value they produce. Show this to the miners while they are talking of asking for a larger part of their own product. Help them to get that 20 per cent wage increase in April and to learn to stand together to demand ALL the value they create as soon as they are organized.

In the meantime, get the facts before the public, and the miners may be strong enough to force the coal robbers to disgorge a little of their ill-gotten loot, and yield them higher wages.



Flashes From The Rails

WHAT do the signs mean? Is this to be a red letter year for the American working class?

Revolution—terrific working-class power—lurks behind that threat of a combination of the United Mine Workers with all railroad brotherhoods.

Of course, those of us who know the higher-ups of the miners and higher-ups in the rail unions, we know the danger to the railroad and mine bosses is not a real or a close danger, in spite of the fact that the highest officials of the firemen and trainmen are said to be negotiating for the combination.

But look at it!

How could the combination lose?

If the 500,000 railroad brotherhood men join hands with the 250,000 men of the mines, who can stop them from winning their demands?

The fires would be banked in thousands of factories without coal.

Great cities would lose food supplies.

Warehouses would be stormed by mobs.

Such pressure would come hammering on the rail and mine capitalists that those hogs of money would loosen up and pay the wage and hour demands of the strikers.

Beyond this possibility of 750,000 workers forcing their claims on the industrial masters of these respective fields lie still other possibilities.

Such a winning would send a thrill of power through the whole 30,000,000 wage slaves of the American working class.

A combined strike of miners and rail men would knock an enormous hole in the profit machinery of those two fields.

Feeling among the workers, "discipline," "esprit de corps," would never again be what it once was.

Winners of such a strike would ever after be daring, determined, upstanding men, hard to control.

So the managers, lawyers, retainers, diplomats and labor skates are out en masse to beat the proposition of a joint strike of miners and rail men.

They probably will beat it.

All that's needed to stop a joint strike in this situation is to reach a few officials.

In the railroad unions, it is particularly easy to get results through the higher-ups.

This is the dramatic time, however, to catch a vision of the power of the working class.

Another set of leaders and another policy—that's all the rail unions and miners need.

The power is there.

Only the hands controlling the machinery won't use it.

Some day will come along a set of officers and a policy, watched by a rank and file membership of determined men—and they will see that the machinery of power in the brotherhoods and the miners' unions is used.

All the time there is a chance that this very year will see the rank and file of these organizations forcing their officers into the use of a new weapon: joint general strike of the two great fundamental industries of transportation and fuel.

History is a long line of surprises.

Who knows what is coming next?

Who knows but the insolence and arrogance, the sap-headed stupidity and greed of the interests controlling transportation and fuel, may over-reach to the point where even the union officials of those two industries are ready for a big smash?

All the news, all the inside dope from those camps, is that the union heads are by turns disgusted and bewildered by the negotiations of the managers and corporations.

Toward the end of February, the advice is: Look for anything because anything may be looked for.

There are tremendous possibilities of a red-letter working-class year.

Watch the taffy newspapers are handing about railroad men. They're aiming now to get the good-will of rail men, so they will have willing ears, ready listeners, if a big strike comes. Hearst papers are handing out con headed: "The Silent Heroes of the Throttle." Railroad managers are praised for efficiency, while the engineers are praised for being heroes.

"The engineer alone knows how many hairbreadth escapes from wreck and calamity are due to his iron nerve, his steady eye, and cool judgment," says a Hearst editorial. This is the same Hearst who fought the Western Federation of Miners and established industrial feudalism in Lead, S. D., where lead mines yield the Hearst estate \$12,000,000 a year. This is the same Hearst who brags in his own papers that he attends dinner parties at the house of Steel Trust Gary and that he has Steel Trust Gary to dinner at his house.

Then a lot of other newspapers have been running an editorial about a raise of wages lately given to the locomotive. When the \$7,000,000 freight and passenger rate raise went into effect in middle west states, this editorial was widely printed. It told of how wages of trainmen and enginemen have been raised and raised and raised, until now they lead lives close to luxury, but the poor locomotive has never had any raise of its wages.

All this stuff is being fed out to the reading public to lay the way for possibilities during a strike.

If brotherhood officials opened their mouths and broke loose with the real truth about the centralized ownership and colossal swindlings of the railroad game, there would be some offset to this fakery in the newspapers.

Not anywhere in the world of capital or of labor is there more curious suppression of news than that practiced by the railroad brotherhood officials.

Sometimes it seems as though the more we read official journals and magazines of the engineers, firemen, conductors and brakemen, the less we know.

Never have we heard any explanation from Warren S. Stone why he keeps out nearly all real news from the engineers' official journal. Maybe Stone blames it on the editor. Wherever the fault is, the game is a bad one.

It is impossible for rail men to learn by word of mouth from their delegates to conventions or from their members on committees all the official transactions, all the news of official actions. Most any glib politician of a delegate or commit-

tee member knows how to explain by word of mouth an official action it would be hard to tell about in black and white in an official report.

As a sample, take the big western arbitration wage hearing that ran six months and closed last April. Look through the engineers' brotherhood magazine and see what you find about it. Almost nothing. A few dribbling paragraphs. But no news.

In public statements, Warren S. Stone often knocks the newspapers and says they're controlled by the railroads and don't give the railroad men a fair shake when it comes to complete and accurate news stories of what is going on among the brotherhoods and what is doing in railway finance.

Yet what is Warren S. Stone's magazine doing in the matter of reporting the news? Isn't it doing precisely what the railway-owned and railway-controlled newspapers are doing in shutting out news?

Wouldn't it be convenient for any average railroad brotherhood member to be able to turn to back numbers of his brotherhood publication and find there all the facts, a full and complete report of what happened at that six month wage hearing?

Why should the engineers' brotherhood spend tens of thousands of dollars for the collection of material attacking the frenzied finance of the railways and then never print a line of all the live, spicy information?

The bill for services of experts, accountants and economists ran over \$60,000. Warren Stone himself was presented a mass of facts on stealings of public lands by railroads. And yet not a line of all this has been printed in the official

magazine of the engineers' brotherhood.

Is it any wonder that railroad men are turning to other sources of printed information to find out what is really and actually happening?

With brotherhood officials establishing a censorship that doesn't even make a pretense at giving vital and up-to-date information, is it at all strange that rail men go elsewhere to see what is the big news and the big developments in the rail world?

James W. Kline is his name, and he's president of the International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths and Helpers. He has published a pamphlet explaining exactly what he means about money being used by the Illinois Central and of the Carmen's international, and John Harriman system railroads to choke off the strike of the federated shopmen. A "sell-out?" Yes. "The money was there, all right, if they could find anyone to take it," wrote Kline in a letter to vice-presidents and business agents. "I had the chance myself at one time, and I know if they would give it to me, they would give it to others." Kline points out how William H. Johnston, president of the International Association of Machinists, kept away from the strike zone, and how Johnston joined with M. F. Ryan, head of the Carmen's international, and John J. Hynes, head of the railroad sheet-metal workers, and how these three jammed through an order calling off the strike without a referendum and over the protest of men on strike. It's live reading. Maybe there was easy velvet for some labor skates. The Illinois Central alone lost several million dollars on the strike. Kline's office is in Monon Bldg. Chicago. His pamphlet is a humdinger.





IN A BARBER SHOP

By Jack Preston

I T was shortly after my conversion to Socialism. My barber had sold out and a new one come suddenly in his place. The newcomer appeared to be a nice sort—we chatted a little in the post office, shortly after his arrival. But I had been wanting for a long time to give my patronage to Jack Rock, and here was my chance.

The hour came when I could not allow my hair to grow any longer. While hesitating as to the best course of action, an inspiration descended upon me: I would buy a new mug. Obviously this was the way out.

Jack greeted me with a broad grin as I entered the shop, and when I unwrapped the new shaving cup and brush he haw-hawed.

"Well by gosh," he said.

It was my explanation which started a conversation resulting, a year later, in his becoming a proletarian.

"I hadn't the heart to do it, Jack," I went on. "Only my initials are on the cup, and being a new man, he'll never guess whose it is. You know how bad I've wanted to come over to you and—"

"Aw, shut up," he interrupted, jabbing the clippers into the back of my neck.

This was his way of saying he understood.

My predicament had been simply that of a small-town business man. I had begun patronizing the other barber before Jack set up in a shop of his own, and couldn't leave without losing a customer.

Rock was silent quite a while, but I knew he was not peeved. I knew it by the quiet sighs that escaped him.

"Jack," I ventured, by and by, "how are you getting along, anyway?"

He put on a brave face.

"Making a living, Ed," he replied. "I suppose that's about all anybody's doing these days."

I made no further comment at the moment. My eyes found an object upon which they rested in a sort of fascination. It was the rows of individual mugs reflected in the mirror. There seemed to be something about them that demanded my attention; an idea became vaguely associated with them, as they reposed there, row upon row, their bright gold letters standing out gayly. This idea was like a name that just eludes the tongue.

Jack's words were flitting through my brain: "Making a living." In his case what did that mean? Poverty, practically.

Mrs. Rock had to carry water in from a pump because her husband could not afford to have the town water system connected with their home. The children had to suffer all the inconveniences of outdoor sanitary arrangements, etc. Their table was poor. In short, life was a flat and tasteless thing to them, except for the love therein; and even this was diluted with worries and debts, the result of past sickness.

My eyes wandered back to the rows of shaving mugs, and I thought what I saw was an hallucination. The gold letters on the middle row took form, as plain as day: "C-O-O-O-P-E-R-R-A-T-I-O-N." There were too many O's and R's, but otherwise the formation of the magic word was correct. Jack must have seen the high light in my eyes, for he stopped work a moment.

When I showed him what I saw he did not seem impressed. His only remark was to the effect that I had missed my calling.

This was my night for inspirations. Another came along most obediently. Doubtless it was to quite an extent the outgrowth of much recent reading in the direction of economic reform, and these shaving-mugs and sighs of Rock's merely supplemented it.

"Jack," I said, in a matter-of-fact tone, "if you could get a job in a big barber shop here in town, one that had no competition and need never fear bankruptcy, would you be willing to work for a salary sufficient to keep you comfortably and not complain?"

He clipped a wisp of hair above my crown and grinned at me in the mirror.

"Quit your kidding," he said. "On the square," he added, after some deliberation, "you're not thinking of doing anything rash with your surplus capital, are you?—buying up one of these chances in the whisker combine, or anything? Because if you are, figure on a salary for yourself of about five a week—when business is good."

"I'm only exercising my imagination," I assured him. "Answer my question, and don't be afraid to stir up your gray matter a little."

He smiled, as he seldom did at sarcasm directed against himself. Jack always was a peculiar fellow.

"Ed," he said, "honest, I'd work forever for fifteen a week, or so, if I was always sure of getting it and didn't have to worry about off-seasons. I'd scratch scalps and boil faces and sling lather till hair had ceased to sprout. So help me, I would."

His tone and manner implied that he meant this.

Apparently I went off on a tangent. "Isn't it queer how everybody's always talking hard times these days?"

"Don't mention it," he said. "It's got my goat. There's no sense in it—and yet I do it myself. Something's wrong—somewhere. Yes, sure. But fellows like me haven't time to find out; we're too busy digging in dark corners for nickels and dimes."

"And look at us other business men in town," I continued. "We're at the same game. Grubbing along, we are; refusing, half the time, to exchange civilities—and yet down in our hearts we're sorry for each other. That's a fact, Jack. Don't you suppose I want Billy Munson over here to make ends meet? Don't you reckon the smiling looks and pleasant words of his little kiddies make me feel like a criminal whenever I've succeeded in putting one over on Billy?"

The barber was nodding.

"I got you. The new sud-slinger, now, for instance—."

He came to a halt. "Damn it," he exploded, "what's a fellow to do?"

My eyes sought the shaving mugs again. I pointed to them through my shroud.

"There's the answer, Ed," I declared, preaching to myself as well as him.

He grinned at me rather idiotically.

"The other three fellows have a bunch to match it," he said.

"Just what I was thinking," I returned. "This is a sample of what might be—and what isn't. The idea of cooperation is filtering into the minds of men, but it's so adulterated with the selfish individualist concept that it only makes social friction the more violent; it makes *cooperative competition*. Here you have a certain collection of cups. Bob Singer has another collection. Sam Clay a third. And the new man a fourth. The trade of you four barbers among the local merchants will be divided according to these collec-

tions. Your sympathies will go, in great measure, along with your patronage. So it is in every business under our present system. Thus *classes* are formed. The system by which we eke out an existence necessitates patronage of certain individuals or collections of individuals, and avoidance of others. In time we begin to think this the natural thing; and there we have the foundation of all our class distinctions—the cause of immeasurable misery in the world. It is the outcome, when all is said, of our illogical competitive notions."

His look was so peaceable (he told me later he had been pitying me) I was encouraged to proceed:

"Why, Jack, we might better go back to the stone age and begin all over again. * * * Certainly a change will come before long, or you and I and the other fellow will not be able to exist at all. The world produces more than ever it did, and yet the struggle for a livelihood becomes more strenuous every year. You know I'm speaking the truth."

He plastered lather over my mouth, but I blew it in his face and went on:

"Back to the big barber shop. There ought to be only one in this town."

"I agree with you," he rejoined quickly, holding the razor close to my throat.

"I'm glad you do"—I looked at the shiny blade. "And, Jack, there's only room for one general store, properly run; one up-to-date blacksmith shop, and so on through all the businesses. We ought to get together, we men and women of the twentieth century; open our eyes, extend our arms, and try seriously to make life a more rational, less barbaric affair. We ought to cooperate—not like these mugs up here, in classes, but like—" I glanced about me for a simile. "Like the teeth on that comb of yours; each tooth pushing his way through obstacles by the side of his brother; all working in the same general direction, and getting somewhere—instead of this crazy pulling and tugging against each other, the while the thieves come in and rob us all."

The barber shook some powder over me.

"Sounds pretty fair, Ed," he admitted, "but how would you work it?" Quickly he added: "By the way, when that big shop you talk about is started, count my application in. Do what you can for me. When a fellow works for somebody else he can shake hands with the boys around town as though he meant it. He can cut out the four-flushing and be really friendly."

He stood waiting for my reply—and my forty cents. I cannot forget the ridiculous, half apologetic expression of his face as he took my money. Every barber I have ever "patronized" has worn the same guilty look. And this has always puzzled me somewhat. But then I often feel the same way while paying other creditors, too. I am inclined to attribute the feeling to my views on money—a medium of exchange which I believe should not exist. It is concentrated hell, mental misery, unimpressionable mercilessness, and should be displaced by labor-checks of some kind. That, of course, would only be possible under a new economic system.

These thoughts flashed through my mind as I gave Jack a parting thrust.

"There'll be no steady job in the big shop for a fellow who thinks first of himself, as you've just done. What you ought to say, Jack, is: 'How can I help this thing along?'—instead of appealing for a 'pull.' Keep your eye on those shaving mugs up there. They'll come smashing down some day—all but the gold letters. And the new shelves will accommodate *everybody's* cup. Good-day."

"Wait a minute," he called. "You forgot something."

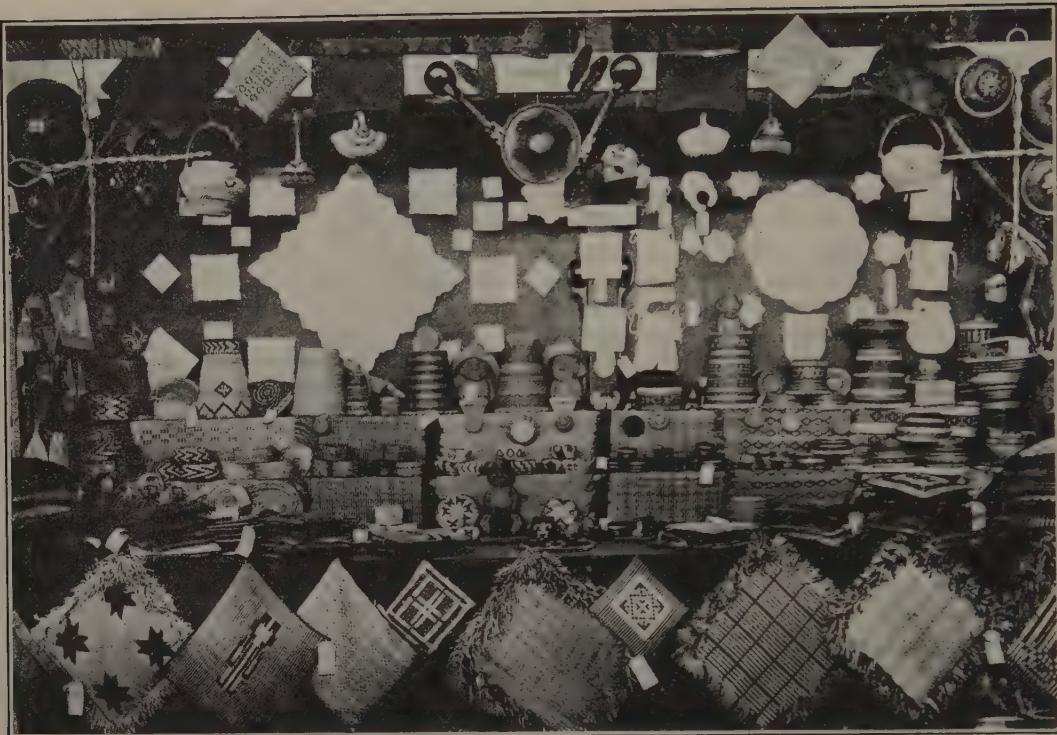
"What was it?" I asked, feeling in my pockets.

"Your own mug," he said. "I don't want it on my rack."

He was in earnest. He was sore. . . .

When finally I went back it was on Jack's invitation. He had been studying Socialism.





BASKETS, CUSHIONS OF HEMP AND RAFFIA, NEEDLEWORK AND ARTICLES FABRICATED FROM COCONUT SHELL AND HUSK (INCLUDING THE BOHOL MUTT) ARE TO BE SEEN IN THIS PICTURE OF SCHOOL-MADE PRODUCTS FROM THE PROVINCE OF BOHOL.

Philippine School Craft

By MARION WRIGHT

WE learned in a previous article on the Philippines how naked, head-hunting savages have been tamed by the civilizing influences of good roads and baseball. Naturally it was the men and large boys of the native tribes who were most interested in these things and we shall now consider what the women folk and children of school age were doing while their big brothers learned to play baseball and to push a wheelbarrow over the public roads.

The Filipinos are said to be the "quickest" people in the world. And they are quicker to learn music and handicraft work than they are to slip out of the jungle and ham-string an enemy. The Philippine Constabulary band, led by an American Negro, is held by many qualified to speak with authority to be the

best band in the world. There are bands in the Philippines in which each instrument is hand made by its owner and the native collection of reed instruments is a delight to the most exacting master of music. At the time of the American occupation "After the Ball" was the national air of the Philippines. When the American military bands landed with their up-to-date, stirring airs, the native musicians would follow them for miles to learn the tunes. Few of them could read a note, but it is said that in less than a week the "Goo-Goo" bands could play "Hot Time in the Old Town" better than the white men. And the women folk are brighter than the men.

Early in the American occupation of the islands the public school teachers who were brought over from the United States observed the extraordinary aptitude of

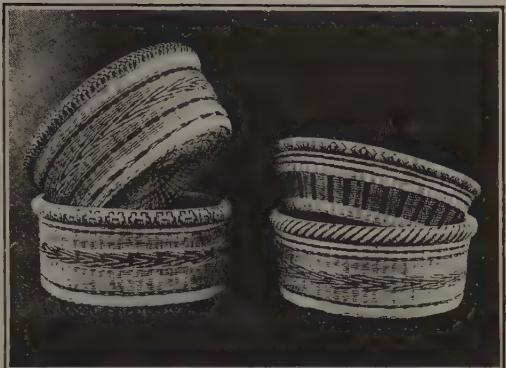
Filipino children for handicraft work requiring both patience and skill. There was also a lack of enthusiasm for too much book "learnin'" on the part of the pupils who could not speak a word of English. So the teachers wisely decided to give the children something to do with their hands as well as with their heads.

As a part of the "busy work" which was introduced into the schools as a means of catching and holding the attention of the pupils, doll-making, stick-laying and hand-weaving of an elementary nature were early resorted to. At first this work was quite crude and the products far from possessing either the qualities of beauty or utility. But it was not long before the young people, of their own volition, began fashioning articles which were neat in finish and artistic in design, though even now constant effort has to be exercised on the part of teachers and industrial supervisors to prevent the use of inharmonious combinations of colors, or of excessively bright shades. The savage loves his red and green and yellow and he is not particular how it is combined. It must be loud, and the louder it is the better it pleases him.

A factor which has exerted a strong influence in developing the handicraft work of Filipino children has been the industrial exhibition which has been held for the last eight years in Manila by the Bureau of Education. These exhibits have steadily grown in size and quality until at the exhibit last year sales amounting to \$37,000 were made.

The little red school houses in the outlying districts act as collection centers for the marketable wares manufactured by people in the immediate vicinity. These are sent on to Manila and taken in charge by the Bureau, where they are arranged for sale to the many tourists and travelers passing through Manila.

Many of the articles exhibited are standard in manufacture and design, their popularity resulting solely from the superiority of the raw material used and the excellence of the workmanship and finish. Such standard made articles are furniture, needlework, baskets, etc. But each year also sees the introduction of many new and typically Philippine novelties as well as the further development



TYPICAL WORK BASKETS MADE IN PHILIPPINE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. THESE ARE WOVEN IN THE NATURAL COLOR OF THE MATERIALS AND ARE STRONG, OF PLEASING DESIGN AND VERY USEFUL.

and perfection of those introduced in former years. These articles are the products that most interest the tourist.

Some years ago an American teacher received a picture post card which showed a rather humorous Bilikin in plain black and white. A Filipino teacher asked to take the picture to school with him and in a day or two returned the picture to the American with a large Bilikin carved out of a cocoanut husk. From this the famous "Bohul Mutt" toy of the Philippines was developed. These sell in considerable numbers each year at the Manila carnivals.

Among the carved articles which are popular with visitors to the islands are the glove and collar boxes, novel in form and upon which are represented original Philippine designs. Canoes are also carved out of fine hardwoods with del-



HEMP NOVELTIES MADE IN PHILIPPINE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

icate and intricate carvings along the entire length. Then there are Filipino dolls of cloth and paper pulp, dressed in typically colored costumes of the country, miniature Igorot weapon sets made of steel and nara wood, which illustrate the primitive instruments used for warfare and self-protection among the wild tribes of the mountains.

From the Visayan province of Capiz and from the Bicol province of Sorsogon at the southern end of the island of Luzón come abaca (Manila hemp) slippers beautifully and delicately woven—dainty articles for the bed room. Almost all over the islands a native fern is found called "nito," which, when split and cleaned, furnishes an excellent ebony-black weaver for decorating fans, basket rims and swagger sticks. The nito is sometimes woven about the edges of vettiver fans to prevent that part of the material from unravelling and to add a touch of color.

A passenger on a trans-Indian steamer once remarked that he would afterwards be able to tell whether or not a traveler had ever been to Colombo by observing whether or not his mantel piece harbored an ebony elephant. The reason for purchasing these carved elephants in such

large numbers is that they are easily packed in trunks and suit cases and are unbreakable.

The trade schools of the Philippines have also taken advantage of this preference of the tourist for something in the carved and polished wood line that will pack easily and safely. Among these may be numbered dumb bells, gavels, and Indian clubs of turned wood, smoking sets, paper knives, picture frames, tooth pick holders, tabarets and blotter pads, made of wood deftly shaped and fashioned. But the most highly prized curio of the Philippines is the justly famous lanete carved boxes and chests from Ilocos, covered completely with carving. Then there are cribbage boards and checker boards made in light and dark hard-woods cleverly inlaid in true mosaic style.

Still more odd are the tree fern vases, bamboo vases uniquely carved, Igorot statuettes of wood and stone representing the "anitos" or gods worshipped by them. Many other articles could be named but it will suffice to say that practically anything one could imagine in the novelty line can be turned out in excellent shape by the school children of the Philippines.



IRISH CROCHET HANDBAGS MADE IN THE SCHOOLS OF ALBAY. THE IRISH CROCHET INDUSTRY, INTRODUCED BY THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, HAS BECOME A REMUNERATIVE HOUSEHOLD INDUSTRY IN ALBAY.

PERSISTENT PROSPERITY

By SCOTT NEARING

Men in past years have thought of prosperity as a highly desirable but equally uncertain state of the business world. There were good times and bad times as a matter of course. In the good times business prospered. In the bad times it languished. Profits in good times were high; in bad times they were low. Flourishing business and substantial profits to the business world spelled prosperity.

No one questioned the reasonableness of intermittent prosperity. Acquiescence in the idea went so far that the political economists shaped it into a general principle, and conned the term "residual claimant" to describe the profit-takers, who took what was left over after rent, interest, and wages had been paid to the landlord, capitalist, and laborer.

The past few years have witnessed a determined endeavor on the part of the business world, to perpetuate prosperity, the idea being, that it is not possible to have too much of a good thing.

The attitude of the business world on the question is well illustrated by the stand taken by a large Eastern railroad during the severe business depression in 1913-14. The first move of the railroad was to lay off a portion of its working force. Men from every department were temporarily or permanently unemployed, and many assistants in other departments were put on part time. Thus the first move of the road in its curtailment of operating expenses took the form of discharged labor.

At the same time, a considerable number of passenger trains were discontinued. This involved a loss of service for the public.

Curtailment of operating expenses took the form of disemployment and decreased service. During the period of industrial depression the usual interest was paid on the bonds of the company and the usual dividends on the stock. Apparently the owners of the stock did not expect to participate in the losses incident to hard times.

One of the officials of the company, on

the stand before the State Railroad Commission, was asked if he did not consider it reasonable that the stockholders should bear a portion of the burden of hard times. He replied that he did not. The stock of his company, he said, partook of the nature of bonds, and those who invested in it might reasonably expect to receive the dividends in good years and in bad years alike.

The desire of the railroad to give its common stock the stability and value of a bond was only natural. Many of the great insurance companies and banks had reached a point of business certainty. Why should not the railroads do the same?

The answer, in one large instance, comes clear and decisive. The railroads can, and they will. The railroads carrying on the anthracite coal business have succeeded in perpetuating prosperity. Thus far, in the encounters with the ups and downs of the business world, they have succeeded in taking advantage of the ups and warding off the downs.

An effective combination was formed by the anthracite roads in 1898. Previous to that time, the individual railroads held great areas of anthracite coal lands, but all efforts at combination had met with failure. With the combination of 1898 went an absolute control of the anthracite business, vested in a small, closely interwoven group of railroad interests.

Here, indeed, was a basis for continuous prosperity. Forty million people in the United States depend more or less on anthracite coal for fuel. Practically all of the anthracite coal in the United States is in the northeastern corner of Pennsylvania. The combination of Anthracite carriers held nineteen-twentieths of the unmined coal, and nearly nine-tenths of the annual production. A valuable resource, concentrated in one small geographic area, dominated by a harmonious group of coal carriers—what greater guarantee of perpetual prosperity could be hoped for?

The possibility of persistent prosperity seemed a certainty, and the results have

more than justified expectations, as may be seen from the following table of common stock dividends:

COMMON STOCK DIVIDENDS PAID BY THE ANTHACITE CARRIERS, 1898-1913, PER CENT.[†]

	Reading.	N. J. C.	Lehigh Valley.	Lackawanna.	Delaware & Hudson.	Pennsylvania.	Ontario.	Lehigh Coal & Navig. Co. P. & R.
1898.....		4 $\frac{1}{2}$						
1899.....		4 $\frac{1}{2}$						
1900.....		5						
1901.....		5 $\frac{3}{4}$						
1902.....		*						
1903.....	12		7	7	7	7		
1904.....	8	1	17	7	7	6		7 $\frac{1}{2}$
1905.....	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	4	20	7	6	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	8
1906.....	4	8	4	20	7	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	2	8
1907.....	4	8	6	20	9	7	2	8
1908.....	4	8	6	20	9	6	2	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
1909.....	4	8	6	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	9	6	2	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
1910.....	6	12	6	20	9	6	2	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
1911.....	6	12	10	55 $\frac{1}{2}$	9	6	2	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
1912.....	6	12	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	20	9	6	2	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
1913.....	8	12	10	20	9	6	2	8
1914.....	8	12	10	20	9	6	..	8

*The Central of New Jersey paid regular quarterly dividends of 2 per cent in 1902, but none are shown because of change in the date of the annual report.

[†]Not including a 10 per cent stock allotment at par.

$\frac{1}{2}$ Including a 15 per cent stock dividend.

$\frac{1}{2}$ Not including a 10 per cent stock allotment at par and a 15 per cent scrip dividend.

|| Including 35 per cent in guaranteed 4 per cent stock in Lackawanna Railroad of New Jersey.

|| Including a special dividend of 10 per cent.

A monopoly like that enjoyed by the anthracite carriers guarantees prosperity to the stockholders. It has little or no effect upon general prosperity and adversity. Times are good and times are bad, just as they were before 1898. More bad times come; they bring a burden with them. Who shall bear it?

Well, who is there to bear it?

Three parties are interested in the anthracite or any other business: The employer, the worker, and the general public. The employer's prosperity being assured, the hardship of adversity must be carried by labor in lessened earnings or by the public in increased prices. Theoretically this should be true. Practically, things have turned out just that way. Prices have increased, and the worker has work when times are good and no work when times are bad. He is hired by the day, week, or month, and as business slacks off he is "allowed to go."

Some industries are able to ask the public to share adversity by paying higher prices. Other industries are not able to do so, but in all the industries, the extent of unemployment, which is an irreducible factor, is an excellent measure of the condition of the industry.

The heaviest burden; that is, the burden which involves the greatest hardships, is shifted to those least able to bear it—the laborers. The industries are stabilizing prosperity for the stockholders, but they are doing it at the expense of the man and the family of the man whose time and energy make industry possible.

The risks of industry, the burdens of economic uncertainty, and the losses incident to the dislocations of the industrial system are borne in the first instance by labor. The first appearance of hard times is followed by a decrease in the working force. The least curtailment in orders leads to part-time work. Wage rates are not cut—that method is crude and disastrous—but men and women are laid off temporarily and permanently. Bonds still draw their interest; the dividends are paid on stocks; and labor waits for a job. The defender of property income will say at once—"If there is nothing to do, why pay labor?" The counter question is obvious. "If there is nothing to do, why pay capital?" "Ah," responds the properties interests, "you can get rid of the laborer by firing him, but the investment still stands." That answer carries with it the essential distinction in priority between the position of the property owner and of the worker. Mines, railroads, factories, and machinery, cannot be laid off. Through good times and bad they are a fixed charge, unless the business wishes to face bankruptcy proceedings. The most important obligation of a modern business is the interest on its bonded debt. Wages and salaries may stop, but interest on bonds must continue if the business is to remain solvent.

Interest has always been looked upon as a fixed charge. Modern business is going farther and placing dividends on the same basis. Huge surpluses are used to keep dividends intact. Meanwhile labor is employed when times are good, and dismissed when times are bad.

Through the evolution of the industrial system, property income has become a first charge on industry. Instead of being the residual claimant, instead of taking what is left after other charges are paid, property rights have fastened themselves upon industry to such an extent that the owner of capital, like the owner of land, can demand and obtain a royalty (interest charge)

which must be paid before any other claimant to income is satisfied.

Thus, landowners, the owners of bonds and mortgages, and in later years, the owners of stocks as well, have saddled their property ownership claims on society. They are possessed of the vitals of present-day economic life. Armed with title deeds to natural resources and to machinery alike,

they are in a position to dictate terms to the remainder of mankind. Before a tree can be cut or a ton of coal mined; before a wheel can turn or a locomotive speed along the steel pathway; before a wage earner can raise a hand to labor for himself and his family, the property owners must be assured that they will receive a specified and assured rate of return on their holdings.

A SONG OF REVOLT

Air: Scots Wha Hae

By Wilfrid Gribble

Workers, rise in ev'ry land,
Clearly think and firmly stand,
Snap wage slav'ry's galling band,
Cease to bow the knee.

In yourselves the power lies,
In your manhood's pride, arise!
Strike, by every hope ye prize!
Would ye not be free?

Long ye've borne sore toil and pain
For king and master; worn their chain,
Deeming ev'ry hope was vain
For a nobler fate.

"Tis to you we call to-day,
"Fling those galling chains away.
If ye only will ye may,
Will ye longer wait?"

Naught there is your power to stay,
The world is yours whene'er ye say,
Even should it be today—
Make the world your own.

As a class you must unite,
Workers' power is workers' right.
Workers' hope is workers' might.
That, and that alone.

By your parents' arduous lives,
By your toiling, careworn wives,
By each soul which bravely strives,
Rise! Be men! Be free!

Sure the hope within your view,
For your babes, your wives and you—
To yourselves and class be true.
Rise for Liberty!



WILFRID GRIBBLE

Stories of the Cave People

THE FIRST PLANTING

By MARY E. MARCY

WHEN the great flood, which Little Laughing Boy imagined covered the face of all the land, had subsided, and the roaring river fell back into a portion of its old channel, the survivors of the clans turned their feet toward the homes of their fathers.

There were many changes. Strange things had occurred. Hundreds of members of the various hordes had been lost in the flood; the river bed itself had been twisted into a new and alarming shape so that, on the other side of its bank, trees had been torn up and the waters had eaten into the earth and lapped the foot of the low hills; the old Hollow was filled with many tons of new black earth and many of the caves were buried beneath the soil deposited by the river.

The Hollow had been the home of the Cave People, of Little Laughing Boy, his father, Strong Arm, and his mother, Quack Quack. They had escaped during the flood with the Foolish One, a member of their own tribe, and had been joined later on by the Hairy Man, a survivor of the Hairy Folk. And they had clung together during their dangers and journeyings for mutual strength and protection.

When they had encountered Tall and Big Foot, of one of the man-eating hordes, their numbers enabled them to overcome these powerful enemies, who joined the band and fed Laughing Boy his first taste of roasted human flesh. These men also taught the Cave People the wonderful power hidden away in the flint pit, which they had discovered; how two pieces of this strange rock could call forth the protecting fire when struck sharply together, and how thin pieces of this same rock made wonderful knives with which to hack and slay the enemy. Indeed, it was the insistence of Big Foot in carrying away several pieces of this new rock that caused the others to do likewise, altho it was a long time before any of them returned to the flint pit and

began to use flint regularly in making weapons.

In spite of the large number of men and women and children who lost their lives in the great flood, this was a time of progress, a time when all the tribes learned many new things. The surviving Hairy Folk were thrown with members of the tribe of Cave People—and learned the use of fire. The Tree Dwellers were forced to walk upon the ground and learned new methods of fishing and hunting from the Cave People, the fashioning of rafts made of bamboo poles bound together with tough grasses and wild vines, which one could propel in the water by paddling with the hands.

The Tall People, who contributed a meagre knowledge of flint, gained the use of the bow and arrow from their old enemies, the Dart Throwers. It was a time when men learned much. Of course, many of these things were forgotten in the days of ease and plenty, until the children of the members of the tribes discovered or invented or were shown them all over again in the years that followed.

Strong Arm and Quack Quack and Laughing Boy, in company with the Foolish One and Tall and Big Foot and the Hairy Man, followed the shore of the river in order to reach the home of the Cave People. Scarcely a sound they made, as they wound their way thru the heavy grasses that sprung up, with the magic of the tropics, from the rich soil left by the flood.

Of food there was now every day a greater abundance. Fruits ripened and grew luscious over night. Hundreds of fish were left in shallows by the receding flood where they could be gathered by hand. And it was impossible to avoid stumbling over the egg-filled nests of the gulls and the oo-ee-a.

Also there were unknown dangers, and Tall grew ill with a fever that made the touch of his hands like the flames of the protecting fire. And although Big Foot and Quack Quack brought him every day

fresh fruit and other food, which they sometimes roasted in the coals, he drove them away. Steadily he grew worse until madness came into his eyes and his voice rose above the quiet of the night and Laughing Boy grew fearful in spite of the friendly fire. For the roars of the sick man, Tall, echoed through the woods and the forest enemies would hear and approach.

But Tall could not be restrained. A new strength that comes with the fever fed his veins, and a night came when he thrust his companions from him and disappeared, screaming into the woods. They never saw him again. For as he ran, his wild cries filled the night and the very branches of the trees seemed to waken with the tumult.

Then came the grim howl of the hyena and the soft fall of padded feet upon the earth. Down the gulley a strange voice arose. Life stirred in the bushes and the hair on the head of Laughing Boy rose in terror.

Farther and farther receded the wailings of the sick man till at last a howl re-echoed in the darkness that brought the band of tribes people huddling together in fear. For it was the cry of the sabre-toothed tiger. Came then a stillness with only the voice of Tall driving the sweat out upon their bodies.

And while the little band fed the friendly fire and gathered near its protecting flames, they waited for the end of the sick man. It came at last, one long scream of agony, when the greatest enemy of all the hordes came upon him.

Big Foot knew and Strong Arm knew, and the others of the tribes knew also that the danger to themselves was over for the night, but long they crouched in the light of the flames, ears twitching, nostrils quivering, like images of bronze frozen with fear.

* * * *

Many other adventures befell the mixed group from the different clans, on their journeyings toward the Hollow which had been the home of the Cave People. There were dangers encountered and evaded or overcome in every hour of these eventful days. But at last they reached the ridge above the edge of the Hollow. Quack Quack and Strong Arm and the

Foolish One and the others climbed the hill and gazed over into what had been once a lovely valley. But much of this lay filled with the soil left by the flood. Tall grasses waved in the breeze, and many new blossoms lifted their heads. And nearly all of the old familiar caves were filled with mud and covered up.

It was all very queer. And while they proceeded with caution, as men going into a strange land, the brush before them parted and they beheld the grinning features of Big Nose and Light Foot and behind them others of the Cave People, and a fuzzy woman from among the Hairy Folk and strange people and former enemies from the other clans, all of whom had escaped the flood and wandered back toward the dwelling places of their tribes.

And Strong Arm scooped out the soil that had been washed against the opening of a high cave upon the hill and entered it to rest after his long journey. And he dug with his hands into the soft earth, for he remembered the tubers he had buried there one day when he had been hunting with the men of the tribe, for he was hungry. And lo! many juicy tubers he found where he had buried only two or three. And Strong Arm and Quack Quack ate of the potatoes, while, for a Cave-man, Strong Arm pondered deeply on these things.

He thought much of *one* tuber and how it had made *many* tubers, and recalled the words of his father, who had spoken of the *mother* potato. Then he felt Quack Quack at his side and forgot the matter and fell asleep.

Necessity has been the great spur to the progress of mankind, and it is probable that over and over again, in the early stages of primitive culture, the use of fire was discovered and lost and forgotten and regained before men realized the need which fire supplied. It is almost certain that the art of pottery was discovered and lost and rediscovered times without number. It is equally certain that it took primitive man many, many long, dark years to learn to plan for the periods of want and famine.

In tropical countries, where food was to be had in abundance almost the whole year around, no necessity arose for the

raising of crops. Man would never have felt the need of learning to cultivate food stuffs in this environment.

Savages had only the vaguest notions of the relation of cause and effect. It was necessary for buried tubers to sprout new potatoes year after year, for the plants to multiply before their very eyes and the *necessity* of planting food to have arisen before the relation of sowing and reaping could begin to mean anything to them. Only then did *planting* assume any tribal significance.

Doubtless it was in some semi-tropical country that the discovery of Strong Arm first began to make an impression upon the awakening minds of the early savages. Buried sweet yams and others of the potato family which had multiplied and become many yams or potatoes, must have been a wonderful windfall when discovered by the half starved tribes, in the midst of a long season of want. The cause of their growing would then be carefully observed by the clans.

Be sure that it was necessity that forced the first early savage to sow and bury against the days of coming hunger. Man did not take naturally to work. For several hundreds of thousands of years he dwelt in tropical or semi-tropical lands, where food was usually plentiful, it was only an urgent need that forced him to sow and till the soil. Before that time he had dwelt in the continual problems of the day and had been compelled to give no real thought nor plan for the morrow.

* * * *

Strong Arm slept in the cave with Quack Quack after their long journey back to the home of their fathers. And he dreamed a dream wherein he saw Tall, the great man from the strange tribe, alive and walking about, just as he had done before the sickness came upon him when he had wandered out into the night and met the sabre-toothed tiger.

And in his dream Strong Arm saw Tall stand before his cave and thrust many tubers in the ground where one tuber had been. And when Strong Arm awoke he told Quack Quack and his brothers and Laughing Boy of his dream in the few words he knew and in signs and pantomime.

And so much Strong Arm wondered that when he ate of the fish that had been roasting, he removed one fish from the ashes and carried it to his cave, where he buried it in the soft earth. Then he took the bones of a young boar and buried them also, for when these bones are cracked the marrow is very sweet to eat. He desired one fish to grow into a hundred fish and the bones of one wild pig to become a whole forest of bones.

And he tried to tell these things to the tribe—to say that perhaps it was the Spirit of Tall which would come in the night and make many fish out of one and a forest of bones from one young boar. The Cave People came and watched him at his labors and chattered and gesticulated and wondered.

And in the morning they gathered about to eat of the many fish which Strong Arm hoped to find in the earth in his cave, and to crack the bones and partake of the marrow. But there were only the fish and the bones which Strong Arm had planted and he sat down upon his haunches and wept bitterly. The Cave People were disappointed, and Big Foot mocked him.

Perhaps Strong Arm was one of the first experimenters. He did not give up altogether. Occasionally the thought of many little tubers grown from one big tuber, would seize hold of him, and one day he buried a yellow yam, which resembled our sweet potatoes, and turned up the ground the next day only to find that it had not become a whole dinner of sweet potatoes. He was not sure that Tall, the dead man, or the Spirit of Tall had anything to do with these things. Tall had not returned again to Strong Arm in his dreams. It was all very strange. Strong Arm did not understand. Everything was mysterious and confused.

Another time he buried several tubers. The day following he dug them up, but he forgot one or two of these and when, after some time, he jammed about in the soil again, he found a whole armful of tubers. The miracle had come back again. And Tall, or the Spirit of the dead man, had not returned to make possible the wonder. The miracle was stranger than ever.

Almost Strong Arm evolved an idea,

an idea that tubers (or potatoes) planted in the earth in the sun, and left for a whole tribe of suns, might in some mysterious manner beyond his understanding become the mother of many potatoes.

* * * *

Then the Hairy Folk descended from the ridge, upon the Cave People. They came with long spears in their hands and cries of death in their fuzzy throats, and Strong Arm and the Cave People gave them to battle. Many were killed and Big Foot roasted the body of one of the enemy upon the coals and the Cave People ate the hairy man with much zest and relish.

And the stomachs of the Cave People were distended with the feast and Strong Arm strutted and danced about the fire with those who had accomplished the

victory. And he forgot all about the idea he had almost achieved, about the planting of potatoes and the making of more sweet yams.

So the discovery, that was only half a discovery, was lost to the tribe for many years. Doubtless if you had reminded him of it and he could have spoken to you in a language you would understand, Strong Arm would have replied that there were the Hairy Folk and the Dart Throwers to be annihilated, the children of the tribe to be protected and food to be provided and that he had ceased to think of such foolish things as the sticking of fat tubers in the ground in the hope of making them the mothers of many little potatoes, and anyway, these were strange things past all the ability of any man to understand.



THE FLOOD

ELECTRIC PLANTS

Drawings by Edna Hood Lissak

By ROYAL DIXON

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PEOPLE in general have long contented themselves with assigning a very limited amount of vitality to plants. In fact when a few of the more advanced naturalists and scientists began to set forth the theory that an electric current, such as causes the muscles of an animal to contract, would perform the same miracle with plants, the public said, "Preposterous!" But today we know that there is no established line of demarcation between plants and animals. If, then, there is no line of differentiation, and if we concede that even man himself is a walking electric dynamo, it is not astonishing to learn that plants are also electric batteries. And this fact is fast being accepted by the more advanced thinkers of today; if any one doubts the electrical powers of plants, he

may easily prove the theory for himself.

There are always electro-motor activities in plants. They are mainly due to the chemical differences in the different layers of cells, and, according to Dr. Biedermann, "they have been observed, not only as responses to mechanical stimulation, but as accompanying manifestations in the assimilation of carbon dioxide in the regular process of plant nutrition."

Some electric plants are weak, others are strong. Perhaps the strongest, that is in the sense of electrical vibrations, is the sensitive plant (*Mimosa pudica*); others, such as iris, *nicotiana*, nasturtiums, and practically all the meat-eating plants, such as the "Venus fly-trap" and the "sundew," afford splendid examples for experimentation. If any of these be placed "in connection with a galvanometer by means of electrodes attached to leaves on different sides, and one side of the plant be exposed to sunlight while the other side is kept shaded, then within from three to ten seconds after exposure to sunlight there will be a flow of electricity from the lighted to the shaded parts amounting to .005 to .02 volt. This continues for about five minutes, when the magnet begins to swing back and shows an opposite current of considerable magnitude. The manifestations are similar to those of tetanized nerve."

A better understanding of the electrical qualities of plants will, no doubt, explain many of the hitherto mysterious habits of meat-eating plants. Especially will this be true of such terrible and uncanny plant monsters as the "devil's snare" of South America, and the mammoth *Utricularia*, or fishing plant, which lures minnows and small animals into its voracious mouth, and suddenly, as if an electric button were secretly pressed, closes in upon its helpless prey. In other words, it fishes with a net electrically wired! Strange as it may sound, this plant safeguarded itself by means of its electrical



THE EAST INDIAN TELEGRAPH PLANT

currents ages before we used the electric burglar alarm and door bell. Were it not for this protection, the plant could not live and hold its own in such an animal infested region as it needs for its fishing ground.

There is one form of the *Utricularia* which has little hollow roots through which many tiny minnows are lured in search of food. But lo! these tiny creatures become hopelessly entangled among the paralyzing electric threads and soon fall victims to the plant's satanic scheme. The hypocritical ingenuity of this plant is best shown by the exquisite flowers which stand up above its death wires, like Mahomet's coffin, miraculously suspended.

Many strange stories are told of a Vampire Vine, commonly known as the "devil's snare," which grows near Lake Titicaca in South America. This uncanny vine is like a huge snake and it is supposed to be able to capture wild animals as large as dogs and suck the blood from their bodies, just as an insect-eating plant catches a fly and draws nutriment from the carcass. The "devil's snare" is continually reaching out its huge white arms which draw in every living thing that comes within its reach. This plant thrives in the inland region of the Nicaragua Canal; no good photographs have yet been made of it. The many weird and strange stories told of its diabolical habits, how it paralyzes everything that comes within its grasp, are no doubt explainable by attributing to it the possession of an enormous amount of electrical power.

For horror, this electrical flesh-eating plant has no equal. According to Mr. Stead, "It is found in the deep, swampy regions, and the natives call it "the devil's snare." In form it is a sort of vegetable octopus, or devil-fish, and it is able to drain the blood of any living thing which comes within its clutches. It was first discovered by a naturalist, Mr. Dunstan, while engaged in hunting for botanical specimens. He heard his dog cry out as if in agony from a distance. Running to the spot from which the animal's cries came, Mr. Dunstan found him enveloped in what appeared to him a perfect network of what seemed to be a

fine, rope-like tissue of roots and fibres. The plant, or vine, seemed to be entirely composed of bare, interlacing stems, resembling, more than anything else, the branches of the weeping-willow denuded of its foliage, but of a dark, nearly black hue, and covered with a thick, viscid gum that exuded from the pores." Mr. Dunstan tried to free the dog by means of a large knife, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he finally succeeded in cutting the fleshy fibres of the magnetized plant. The dog was so weak and exhausted that he could scarcely stand when freed, and Mr. Dunstan saw, to his amazement, that there was blood on the dog's body, while the skin appeared to have been actually sucked or puckered in spots."

Mr. Dunstan said, that in cutting the vine, the twigs curled like living, sinuous fingers about his hands, and that it re-



VENUS FLY TRAP. ONLY THE SMALL SPINES ARE IRRITABLE, AND OTHER PARTS MAY

quired terrific force to free himself from the plant's electrical grasp, which left his hands red and blistered. He found out little about the nature of this strange electrical monstrosity, as the difficulties in handling it are extreme. No doubt, a more complete understanding of electrical plants in the future will explain the mysterious powers of the "devil's snare."

A very peculiar plant, and one which has tremendous electrical powers, is the "telegraph plant" (*Desmodium gyrans*). It is a native of India, and each of its leaves is composed of three leaflets; the larger one stands erect during the day but turns down at night, while each of the smaller leaflets move day and night without stopping. They describe by means of jerking motions complete circles, not unlike the smaller hand of a watch.

In my recent book, "The Human Side of Plants," I have devoted a chapter to plants as weather-prophets. There is little doubt that, at no distant date, the United States Weather Bureau will adopt the novel and efficient method already in use in London, of forecasting the weather by means of the "weather plant" (*Abrus precatorius*). A number of scientists believe that by means of this augural plant it will be comparatively easy to predict cyclones, hurricanes, tor-

nadoes, earthquakes, and even volcanic eruptions.

Botanists have long been aware of the fact that by close observation of the leaves of the *Abrus precatorius* conditions of the weather may be correctly foreseen. This plant is so keenly sensitive to all electrical and magnetic influences that even the slightest change in temperature is immediately discernible by the movement of its leaves, whose prophetic qualities were first brought into prominence by an Austrian baron, Professor Nowack. His discoveries were made known to the public about twenty-five years ago, when specimens of the plant were shown and weather predictions made for two days in advance. So very accurate were most of these forecasts that not only botanists but the leading scientific thinkers of the world became interested.

How great an influence electricity exerts upon all forms of plant life, to what extent its presence is responsible for the growth and development and physical activity of the plant, remains a question up to the present. It is certain, however, that there is a degree of electric power in every kind of plant, and that all plants are susceptible to the influence of electricity in the performing of their functions.

Uncle Sam's Open Shop

By JOHN MARSHALL

SOON after Hitchcock was appointed Postmaster General by President Taft, he inaugurated, as the Post Office employees termed it, "The Hitchcock economy policy." He went into office determined to eliminate the deficit which amounted to millions of dollars yearly. At the expiration of his term the surplus amounted to several hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Burleson, the present Postmaster General, has followed very closely "The Hitchcock economy policy." At the end of the fiscal year 1914 the surplus amounted to almost four and one-half million dollars.

Classes of Mail Used by Big Business and Workers

To understand who paid the deficit it is necessary to know what percentage of the different classes of mail is sent by big business and what percentage is sent by the working class.

About ninety per cent of the first and second class mail, such as sealed letters, newspapers and magazines, belongs to big business.

Third class mail, such as circulars or advertising, practically all belongs to big business. The workers have nothing to sell, except labor power, consequently

they have no need of advertising. About the only time the workers ever use the third class mail privilege is when they send mimeograph copies announcing union or lodge meetings or the proceedings of such meetings.

Fourth class mail, which is known as domestic parcel post mail, including merchandise, books and catalogues, is almost exclusively big business mail. During Christmas is about the only time the workers ever use the parcel post privilege.

Until a few years ago catalogues were rated as third class mail. Under this rating it cost the big mail order houses thirty-two cents to send a catalogue weighing five pounds. Since the parcel post, when the rates on fourth class were lowered, the post office department has very kindly transferred catalogues from third class to fourth class mail. Now it only costs seven cents to send a catalogue weighing five pounds anywhere in the first zone. By this change the big mail order houses are saving millions of dollars.

About ninety per cent of the registered letters and money orders are sent by the working class. When big business sends money they write a check on the bank. The working class, having no bank account, puts the money into a letter or buys a money order. The only time that big business ever registers any mail is when it sends valuable papers.

Increasing the registered mail from eight to ten cents and raising the rates on money orders was one of the first orders issued by Mr. Hitchcock after being appointed Postmaster General. Then he sent out an order to all superintendents in the Railway Mail Service "to take up the slack." The superintendents began squeezing the clerks until conditions became unbearable.

The Railway Mail Clerks' Association, which is controlled by the Post Office Department, would not do anything for them. The clerks began organizing a union barring all officials of the department. Locals were organized in St. Paul, Minn., Chicago, Ill., Syracuse, N. Y., and another in Massachusetts.

Hitchcock Breaking Up the New Organization.

To destroy the new organization the Post Office Department issued the following order:

"Sir: You are requested to notify all clerks in your office who are members of secret organizations within the service that the department regards membership in such organizations as inimical to the interest of the government. All clerks when they enter the service take an oath to well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office to which they are appointed and to perform all the duties required of them and to abstain from everything forbidden by the laws in relation to post offices and post roads. It is incompatible with their obligation to the department that they should assume another oath with a secret organization in the service which may at any time interfere with the obligation which they have assumed upon entering the service.

"This is not to be construed as interfering with any right which a clerk may have of acting personally and individually with reference to organizations outside the postal service. Yours very truly,

"C. P. Granfield,

"First Assistant Postmaster General."

Then Mr. Hitchcock dismissed from the service all the officials of the new organization. After the organization was destroyed some of the dismissed officials were reinstated.

Speeding Up System

After Congress passed a law automatically promoting clerks and carriers of one hundred dollars per year from \$800 to \$1,100 in first class offices and from \$800 to \$1,000 in second class offices, the Post Office Department inaugurated what it termed a merit system. In reality it was only a demerit system. There are demerits for failing to ring the time recording clock, for being late, for being absent without permission, for making an error in assorting mail, for talking disrespectfully to your superiors, etc., etc. A certain number of these demerits is sufficient to cause a reduction of salary or even dismissal from the service. The only way to receive merits is by speed tests. If an employee handles more pieces of mail per minute than the

standard set by the department, he receives merits. If he handles less than the standard he receives demerits. All the employees are compelled to work at the highest speed to hold their salary and job.

Blacklist

When a clerk comes into the postal service he is given one of the state schemes. He must memorize every office in the state given to him. The number of post offices vary in the different states from two thousand to five thousand. He must be able to pass an examination in speed and accuracy, in which county every post office is located. Then he must pass another examination, in speed and accuracy, known as the "stand point." That is, he must know which road and train running through the state will take a piece of mail to its destination in the least time. Some post offices have as many as twelve to fifteen dispatches in twenty-four hours. It requires from two to three years of hard and continual study to become a proficient mail distributor. This study must be done on the clerk's own time. Whenever an employee is dismissed from the service for talking disrespectfully to his superiors or any other cause, he is blacklisted in every post office in the United States. He becomes an outcast. He might as well be thrown in the midst of a desert. All the years of hard study amounts to nothing.

Reduction in Salary and Dismissal of Old Employees.

During the summer of 1914, eighteen employees were dismissed from the service and thirty were reduced in salary, in the post office at Washington, D. C. The age of the dismissed employees ranged from forty-six to eighty-one. Some of them had served the government for fifty-one years. A little later in the year the

same thing occurred in the Chicago post office: Not being able to stand the high speed tests set by the department, they were given a reduction in salary or thrown on the scrap heap to shift for themselves.

Until about one year ago the collectors, the men who collect mail from the street corner mail boxes, were old men in the service. They had worn themselves out carrying the sack up and down the street. Rather than join the unemployed army they took the collection cart. The Post Office Department issued an order that all collectors must report for carrier duty. Those who were unable to carry the districts allotted to them by the department were given a two hundred dollar reduction in salary and sent back on the cart. And yet the Post Office Department opposes every measure introduced in Congress to pension the super-annuated employees.

Arresting and Jailing Clerks and Carriers for Quitting the Job.

Only a few months ago twenty-eight clerks and carriers of Fairmont, W. Va., tendered their resignation in a body under the pressure of treatment by the postmaster. The Postmaster General, Mr. Burleson, had them immediately arrested and thrown into jail on the charge of conspiracy to delay the mail. These clerks and carriers belonged to organizations that were controlled by the Post Office Department. The organizations would not do anything for them and, rather than submit to the tyranny of the postmaster, they quit the job.

Increasing the rates on working class mail, squeezing, speeding and tyrannizing over the employees is the method by which the deficit has been paid in the United States Post Office Department, *government owned and controlled*.



FANTINE IN OUR DAY

By EUGENE V. DEBS

THE reader of "Les Miserables" can never forget the ill-starred Fantine, the mournful heroine of Hugo's immortal classic. The very name of Fantine, the gay, guileless, trusting girl, the innocent, betrayed, self-immolating young mother, the despoiled, bedraggled, hunted and holy martyr to motherhood, to the infinite love of her child, touches to tears and haunts the memory like a melancholy dream.

Jean Valjean, noblest of heroes, was possible only because of Fantine, sublimest of martyrs.

Fantine—child of poverty and starvation—the ruined girl, the abandoned mother, the hounded prostitute, remained to the very hour of her tragic death chaste as a virgin, spotless as a saint in the holy sanctuary of her own pure and undefiled soul. It was of such as Fantine that Heine wrote: "I have seen women on whose cheeks red vice was painted and in whose hearts dwelt heavenly purity."

The brief, bitter, blasted life of Fantine epitomizes the ghastly story of the persecuted, perishing Fantines of modern society in every land in Christendom. Everywhere they are branded as "prostitutes" and shunned as lepers. Never was the woman born who could sink low enough—even in the upper class—to be called a "prostitute," and the man who calls a woman by that hideous epithet bears it upon his own forehead.

Why are the Fantines of our day charged with having "gone wrong" and with being "fallen women"? Not one in all the numberless ranks of these sisters of ours who are so despised by the soulless society of which they are the offspring has "gone" wrong, and not one has "fallen" to her present debased and unhappy state. If there is on earth a woman who has "fallen" in the sense usually applied to women who mortgage their honor in the battle for bread I have yet to see or hear of her.

There are certain powerful social forces which in the present order of things make for what is known as "prostitution," but

it is to be noted that there are no "prostitutes" in the upper classes of society. The women in the higher strata may be sexually as unchaste as they will, they are never "prostitutes." The well-to-do woman, not driven by these forces to sell her body to feed her child, may yet fall into the grossest sexual immorality through sheer idleness and ennui, but she has not "gone wrong"—no one thinks of her as a "fallen woman," or dreams of branding her as a "prostitute," and unless she is flagrantly indiscreet in the distribution of her favors her social standing is not materially affected by her moral lapses.

But let a poor shop-girl, a seamstress or a domestic servant—in a word, a working girl—commit some slight indiscretion, and that hour her doom is sealed, and she might as well present herself at once to the public authorities and have the scarlet letter seared into her forehead with a branding iron. She may be pure and innocent as a child, but the "benefit of the doubt" never fails to condemn her. She has "gone wrong," is now a "fallen woman," and the word "prostitute," coined exclusively for her, now designates the low estate which is to be her lot the rest of her life.

A rich woman may sink as low as she can—and a woman can sink very low in the moral and spiritual scale without necessarily indulging her carnal appetites—she is never a "prostitute." She does not sell herself from necessity but indulges herself from desire and therefore is not a "prostitute."

"Prostitution" as generally understood has economic as well as moral and sexual significance and application. "Prostitution" is confined to the "lower class" and bears a direct and intimate relation to the exploitation of the "upper class."

The Fantines of modern society, the "prostitutes" of the present day are wholly of the working class; the segregated area is populated entirely by these unfortunate sisters of ours, and the blasted life and crucified soul of every

mother's daughter of them pleads in mute agony for the overthrow of the brutal, blighting, bartering system which has robbed them of their womanhood, shorn them of every virtue, reduced them to the degraded level of merchandise and finally turned them into sirens of retribution to avenge their dishonor and shame.

As these lines are being written the report of the Vice Commission of the State of Maryland appears in the press dispatches to inform the public that investigation of vice recently concluded in the great cities of that state discloses the fact—not at all new or startling to some of us at least—that many of the girls who "go" wrong and recruit the ranks of the "fallen" women have been seduced and ruined by their employers, bosses, and other stripes of "superiors" of one kind or another, **AS A CONDITION OF THEIR EMPLOYMENT.** Countless others, cheated of their childhood, pursued from birth by poverty, were doomed before their baby-eyes opened upon a world in which it is a crime to be born, a crime punishable by cruel torture, by starvation of body and soul, and by being cast for life into a den of filth to glut the lust of its beastly keepers.

The innumerable Fantines of our day, found lurking like scarlet spectres in the shadows wherever capitalism casts its withering blight of exploitation, are typified in the child of the garret described by Hugo, the child of slum and street: "There was in her whole person the stupor of a life ended but never commenced." It is these deflowered daughters of poverty, robbed and degraded, that are forever "dropping fragments of their life upon the public highway."

The story, inexpressibly pathetic, is a commonplace. It has been repeated a thousand times in every tongue. Here it is again as told by a writer of today: "She has been fatherless. She has gone hungry. She has known bitter cold, shame, rags, scorn, neglect, want in all its forms. She has needed dolls, flowers, play, songs, brightness, sympathy, care, love and has

been given the stone of hard labor instead. Of all the blessings to which childhood is entitled this child has been robbed. In the brief life of this child there is pathos, endurance, long-deferred hope, experience that scars, denial, self-pity, hunger of the spirit, **STARVATION OF A CHILD'S SOUL FOR LOVE, HOME, HOPE, HELP.**"

Fantine is the greatest character in fiction and the highest type of social martyrdom. The face of Fantine, in which we behold "the horror of old age in the countenance of a child," is the mirror which reflects society's own sin and shame.

The Fantines have been raped of their virtue, robbed of their womanhood, dishonored, branded, exiled; the ignorance of childhood is with them still, but not its innocence; they have been shamelessly prostituted, but they are not prostitutes. They are girls, women who have walked the path of thorns and briars with bare and bleeding feet; who know the ways of agony and tears, and who move in melancholy procession as capitalist society's sacrificial offering to nameless and dishonored graves.

The very flower of womanhood is crushed in capitalism's mills of prostitution. The girls who yield are the tender, trusting, loving ones, the sympathetic and unsuspecting, who would make the truest of wives and the noblest of mothers. It is not the hard, cold, selfish and suspicious natures that surrender to the insidious forces of prostitution, but the very opposite, and thus is the motherhood of the race dwarfed and deformed and denied its highest functioning and its divinest expression.

The system which condemns men to slavery, women to prostitution, children to poverty and ignorance, and all to hopeless, barren, joyless lives must be uprooted and destroyed before men may know the meaning of morality, walk the highlands of humanity, and breathe the vitalizing air of freedom and fellowship.



A Revolutionary Proposal in Scotland

(SCOTTISH WORKERS DEMAND THE MANAGEMENT
OF MUNITION WORKS)

William E. Bohn

ON January 1 the Glasgow Forward was suppressed. This measure was taken because the Forward told the truth about what Scotch workers said to Lloyd George on Christmas day. This story is one of the big, dramatic stories of the struggle between capital and labor. It proves that the workers of Glasgow have clear heads and strong hearts. I wish the workers all over the world could read it as it is told in the Forward.

A big evening meeting of Glasgow unionists had been arranged for Lloyd George. He was to explain why, under the provisions of the Munitions Bill, it is proposed to "dilute" skilled labor with unskilled at reduced pay. At the last moment the government officials got scared and postponed the meeting to Saturday morning, a time when many workers could not attend. Those who did attend gave the Minister of Munitions such a reception as he will not soon forget. While he stood on the platform waiting to address them they sang two stanzas of "The Red Flag." Every statement he made was met with questions or protests.

But the whole attitude of the union men toward the union-wrecking government was best expressed at a meeting which was held at Parkhead Forge, apparently on the same day. The shop stewards, as they are called over there, were in session when Lloyd George arrived. Mr. "Davie" Kirkwood presided. Following is the tale of the meeting as given by the Forward:

"The Chairman said: 'This is Mr. Lloyd George. He has come specially to speak to you, and no doubt you will give him a patient hearing. I can assure him that every word he says will be carefully weighed. We regard him with suspicion, because every act with which his name has been associated has the taint of slavery about it, and he would find that they, as Scotchmen, resented this, and

that if he desired to get the best out of them, he must treat them with justice and respect.'

"This reception seemed to flabbergast the Minister of Munitions. He spoke about our brothers in the trenches, of the number of new factories, of big guns to blow the Germans out of France and across the Rhine, and of the need for unskilled labor being used for work on which skilled labor is now employed.

"When he finished Kirkwood asked if he was prepared to give the workers a share in the management of the works? *They, as Socialists, welcomed dilution of labor, which they regarded as the natural development in industrial conditions.* They were not like the Luddites of another generation, who smashed the new machinery. But this scheme of dilution must be carried out under the control of the workers. They recognized that if they had not control, cheap labor would be introduced, and unless their demand was granted they would fight the scheme to the death.

"Mr. Lloyd George here interjected some remarks to the effect that the workers were not capable of managing workshops, to which Kirkwood hotly retorted: 'These men, for whom I ask a say in the management, carry the confidence of the workers, and have confidence in themselves. They brought out the men of the Clyde in February in defiance of you, in defiance of the government, in defiance of the army, and in defiance of the trade union leaders. They not only led them out, but they led them back victorious. They let it be known that if their demands were not granted, masters might force them to the workshops, but could not make them work. Who run the workshops now? Men drawn from the ranks of the working-class. The only change would be responsibility to the workers, instead of to the present employers. If production was to be im-

proved, the benefit must go to the workers.'

"Mr. Lloyd George stated that this was a revolutionary proposal, and the present was not a time for revolutions, when the country was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with a foreign foe.

"Ah," said Kirkwood, "you are thinking as a lawyer. It takes engineers to reason out an industrial situation like the present one. The settlement of it would

affect engineers, not lawyers. This war has proved conclusively to the workers that one engineer is worth a hundred lawyers, even of your kind."

This fine declaration of class-consciousness left the Minister of Munitions without an answer. There is no answer to it that he or any other representative of capitalism would dare to give. Let us make it current around the world: "One engineer is worth a hundred lawyers."

Democracy of Arms

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

FROM so many sides are the shafts of criticism and scorn hurled at me that I must again revert to the subject of universal military training in order to meet my critics in a fair field.

Among others the New York *Volkszeitung*, than which there is no better Socialist paper and with whose editorial war policy I am in complete accord, is unconditionally opposed to any sort of military training. It is all militarism. The *Volkszeitung* lectured me severely. The *Volkszeitung* makes these points:

1. The International Socialist Congresses did not mean the United States when they passed resolutions favoring universal military training.

2. In Europe the Socialists are in favor of universal military training in order to overthrow militarism. We have no militarism and we need no universal military training.

3. Oh, look who favors military training: Seth Low, Roosevelt, Mayor Mitchell and the like. Proof enough it is against the interest of the working class.

4. The Swiss military system is just as bad and reactionary as others.

1. If the International Congresses did not want to include the United States, they could have said so. Anyhow, it does not make much difference now what the Second International said on the subject. My reason for mentioning it at all is in order to silence the cry: "Put him out!" which some Socialist organizations and newspapers raise

against everyone who favors military training. Universal military training is the policy of International Socialism. The Socialists who are against it must explain.

2. I have said before and I reiterate again that while the European Socialists advocated universal military training in order to destroy standing armies and great arma-



Cesare in New York Sun.

THE WORLD IS OVERCROWDED AND OVER-ARMED.—London Economist

ments, the American Socialists will have to resort to universal military training in order to prevent standing armies and great armaments. The choice is not between NO ARMS AT ALL, or universal military training, but between a Capitalist Reactionary Constabulary of a million or two millions riding rough-shod over a defenseless, disarmed nation on one hand, or the PEOPLE IN ARMS—an Armed Democracy—on the other. Shall the Socialists betray the people in this crucial hour?

3. It makes no difference that Lows and Roosevelts are in favor of universal military training after the Swiss system. They were also in favor of some of the immediate demands in the Socialist platform. It proves nothing. And the argument is provoking. Suppose I said: "Look who is against preparedness for the United States—the German military staff. You ought to be ashamed to be in such company."

4. I did not know enough to say that I am in favor of the Swiss military system, and I did not say it. But the Editorial Omnidiscience of the *Volkszeitung* condemned the Swiss system on hearsay.

I will let a letter of a Swiss Socialist published in the New York *Volkszeitung* answer this point:

THE SWISS MILITIA.

The New York *Volkszeitung*, number 23, designates the Swiss militia as a class army. Against that we have to say the following:

The writer of these lines belonged 12 years to this army and refutes decidedly this designation even though it comes from comrades. The relation between the soldiers and the officers of our company (Guard No. 5) was, during the entire time of my service, in every respect an ideal one. Our colonel was an official of a neighborhood community.

Nobody will be able to deny that in Switzerland it is possible for every common man to become an officer, if he will—or can—devote enough time and money for his education. Unfortunately, this is impossible in most cases for the poor people. The greater number of Swiss officers come, therefore, from circles that have little understanding for the suffering and want of the people. Yet it is in place here to add that the officer, who had charge of the personal guard of the German Kaiser during his visit in Switzerland, was a comrade.

We admit that the majority of Swiss officers belong to the bourgeois and reactionary parties. This, however, by no means, justifies the degradation of the entire Swiss army as a capitalist tool and the underestimation of its worth for the people.

Any Swiss recruit who follows attentively the military instructions and gets an idea of the great army maneuvers, manipulations and orders, will admit that in case of necessity the under-officer could assume the duties of an officer and qualified soldiers the duties of under-officers. This is said to take place even in the German army while in action, which constitutes its superiority over other armies.

The fact that each soldier has his rifle in his possession at his home and it is possible for him also to have possession of the ammunition, cannot be viewed otherwise than as tending to strengthen the will of the people and their rights. The people are thus enabled, even without professional officers, in the event of an invasion of their rights, to protect them very effectively.

The misuse of some small bodies of soldiers of the Swiss army against striking workingmen has precipitated events which must have proven to the country's ruling powers that it would be inadvisable to repeat that experiment. And even this is no ground for calling the Swiss army a capitalist army! The idea that an army should be composed of comrades only is very naive. And arms in the hands of the people is better than none. No one should believe that the phrygian cap (the cap of liberty H. L. S.) could be made of velvet and pulled over the head of the ruling class with silk gloves. Yet it is difficult to judge and is quite doubtful whether the Swiss military system can be copied in this country."

Here is an example of plain wholesome common sense which our brilliant leaders will do well to emulate.

Comes Comrade William E. Bohn and uses me severely and sarcastically for viewing the Socialist movement as a "definite and familiar thing," rather than be afflicted with such a view, Comrade Bohn would have joined Tammany Hall.

I can see at a glance that Comrade Bohn has a bad case of dialectics. To him the universe is a phantasmagoria of crazy atoms or ions. Nothing is familiar. Nothing is definite. What was yesterday is no more

today. What is today will not be tomorrow. If you meet Comrade Bohn and greet him, "Hello, Bohn," the answer is likely to be: "What you now behold is Bohn only for deluded minds like yours. In fact, this a congerie of ions, whorls of atoms, never resting, ever changing. I would rather be a Tammanyite than a Socialist who believes in running the world as you seem to think it is run."

Perhaps Socialists are no more bound by the resolutions of the Second International, but why does Bohn deem the referendum of the party of greater binding force? So low, however, has the Second International not fallen in the eyes of Socialists that reference to it should be deemed worse than belonging to Tammany Hall. To me it seems that, while the Third International will have to find new ways for many things, it will have to go many times to its predecessor to learn many a thing, even at the risk of appearing definite and familiar.

That universal military training has been regarded by European Socialists as a sop to militarism may be in one sense true. Certainly, we cannot imagine any use for universal military training in a Socialist commonwealth. But so is every immediate demand in the Socialist platform a sop to capitalism "thrown to people trained by their government to believe in" capitalism.

Comrade Bohn says: "This country is on the verge of adopting some sort of military system." Does he think that the Socialists can prevent it? "Our agitation may, conceivably, turn the scale in one way or the other." Exactly. We may help to bring about a National Constabulary of a million or two men. Or we may compel the arming of the nation, of the people. The Socialists will not betray the people. But our stupidity at this crucial moment would be worse than a crime.

Comrade Bohn is confusing universal military training with universal military service. I am for the first and am opposed to the second. I never said that I am in favor of the Swiss system for this country. To me it seems that universal military training is a preventive against universal service, conscription.

Comrade Bohn speaks with authority on military matters. The individual no more counts. It is all organization, etc. I could quote any number of high military author-

ties for the view that in modern warfare the individual character and intelligence of the soldier count more than ever before. Bernhardi writing of Training and Education speaks of the "heightened demands which will be made on the individual character of the soldier"; of "the necessity of independent action by the private soldier in the thick of the battle, or the lovely patrol in the midst of the enemy's country, as much as by the leader of an army, who handles huge hosts." Again he says: "The necessity of far-reaching individualization is universally recognized. The old traditions die slowly." And finally: "on the whole, it has been realized that greater individual responsibility and self-reliance must be encouraged." (Germany and the Next War, Charles A. Erow, New York, 1904, pp. 206, 7 and 8.) Jean de Bloch expresses a similar view in Future of War. It is really remarkable what great military talent the war has developed in the Socialist party of the United States. I am about the only Socialist who confesses ignorance of military matters. It is fortunate for Germany that some of these parlor warriors do not offer their services to the allies. There would be nothing to it.

Comrade Bohn winds up with the argument that bearing arms induces a military state of mind, discipline makes of man a machine, etc.

To offset this, I will refer to Comrade Spargo, who contends against universal military training with the argument that, given arms, people will be prone to use them in their private quarrels, strikes, etc. If they had arms, the strikers of Lawrence, Mass., Paterson, N. J., and of other numerous places would have surely used them, says Spargo.

Now both contentions are in a measure correct, no doubt. What Bohn says will happen in some cases. What Spargo says, in others. These are merely the defects of democracy which in time will be eradicated. You are not going to reject higher wages because some workingmen will spend the additional pay for drink; or shorter hours, for the reason that some workingmen will spend more time in saloons. We are dealing with the great movements and aspirations of democracy for the control of all social forces, armed force included, and we cannot pause long over petty objections.

Comrades Bohn and Spargo are an instance of moral reaction against the horrible slaughter in Europe. But their revolt is entirely emotional and they should not venture to deal with reason. They will have nothing to do with arms and adjure all Socialists to follow their example. Now, on cool reflection, they will have to admit that "nothing to do" people are nullities so far as the affairs of the world are concerned. If only Comrades Bohn and Spargo

could get one capitalist to pair off with each Socialist whom they will convert to their philosophy of non-resistance. Nothing would please the capitalists more than the spread of the non-resistance idea among the most revolutionary classes of society.

Fortunately, there is no chance for that. The people in their own way and their own time, are much wiser than philosophers and book sharps. Democracy is on the march. Democracy of arms is coming.

WAR NOTES FROM PODUNK KORNERS

Reported by Sam Slingsby, Secretary

SI PLUNKWELL remarked at his Emporium saloon, last night, that when the war was over there'll be but one head, one tail, one tongue and one drink for Europe.

Deacon Longbeak replied: "I don't care about the head, tail or tongue, but I should like to know what the drink's goin' ter be. If it's champagny water, my wife won't object to going' over there with me, providin' my congregation puts up the expenses and that they don't form a trust on the fizz stuff in the meantime. She's religious, but she jest dotes on sparkling waters."

"Do you think Europe will be socialist, individualist or anarchist after the war?" asked Squire Troothe.

"Probably syndicalist," answered Si.

"I don't believe it," said Hank Mawl, the leading blacksmith of Baldask county, "Europe's too religious an' ignorant for that!"

"Be careful what you say about religion," warned the Deacon.

"I was referring to the Greek church and the Mohammedan religion," claimed Hank.

"Oh! In that case I agree with you. But if you were referring to Christianity"

"Do you know why Henry Ford's peace mission failed?" asked Si.

"Because bullets are the playthings of the bourgeoisie," exclaimed the Squire, "and it has just begun the game."

"Why do the Socialists and syndicalists go to war?" asked the Deacon.

"Because they have to," replied Troothe. "Not in England," objected Hank.

"England too, now, that they've adopted conscription," stated the Squire. "The union men who struck for less hours and more wages did more to stop the war than any one else I know."

"You say one tongue will be spoken, Silas?" inquired Mawl. "Will it be German or English?"

"Sorter half and half," Si replied. "There is need of a single language, a world tongue; it won't come all at once, but the war will help by abolishing a good deal of dago talk. United States of Europe voting for president every four years, speaking one language, and abolishing state religions would be a step ahead for the middle class, but not for the upper or ruling class."

"How about the laboring men? Where do they come in?" questioned Mawl.

"Just like they do here?" said Troothe. "Their fight has little to do with the wars of nations, except that the more you educate the masses, the more revolutionary you make 'em. Russia's so ig-

norant it doesn't count as much as Turkey or Greece."

"Then you believe in revolutions as the means of progress?" asked the Deacon.

"Revolutions bring man in better accord with nature and that constitutes progress," calmly remarked Troothe. "At least that's the definition Bob Ingersoll gave it."

"But not Matthew Arnold," objected the Deacon. "He said progress came from the predominance of the intellect over the passions."

"You're gettin' in purty deep water for me," claimed Si; "but go on, I can stand it, if Hank can."

"Arnold did nothing for progress; Ingersoll did a great deal. But the revolution caused by Darwin is the greatest of all," stated the Squire.

"Helen Keller says she honors the man who invented the potato more than she does Napoleon Bonaparte," put in Si. "She doesn't credit war with much importance as to being the cause of progress."

"Shut up, Si" exclaimed Hank. "Don't you know she's went and jined the I. W. W.!"

"What? That infidel organization?" questioned the Deacon. "You know the Bible says: 'There's none so blind as those who won't see.'"

"She's just getting her eye-sight," said Troothe. "She sees that it is a revolutionary organization. All advance comes from creative men and women who fight to conquer nature, to pry into her secrets and take advantage of the knowledge gained to make life easier for mankind. Leisure and liberty create intelligence and productiveness. High wages and short hours establish leisure and Miss Keller is for the organization that best fights to secure that blessing for labor. She's not a member, because she doesn't work."

"She's lucky, then!" said Hank. "I wish I didn't have to, either. I'd get drunk every day, wouldn't you, Si?"

"I don't know about that," answered Plunkwell, quizzically. But I b'lieve I'd rather git drunk than go to war; it's less destructive, more creative, more'n accord with the laws of science, music an' art; more I. W. W. like"

When Si paused for lack of words, Hank Mawl took occasion to ask admiringly, "Where di you ketch on to all that lingo, Si?"

"From hearin' the Deacon and the Squire here disputin' over the European war."

Just then Sally Sheep entered to get a pail of beer and the conversation drifted onto the eternal subject of woman—a subject where there's usually much spoken, little said.

Chicago Suburban School Strike

By PETER LIVSHIS

THAT four hundred pupils should have left the Henry Clay school in Chicago suburbs, as reported by all newspapers, is encouraging. And it is suggestive, too, that at the outset they were aided by their parents. Both struck for a new school building in the place of the present one, which they protested to be an old, insanitary firetrap. And the result after a few days was, they won!

Yet, even if the strike had ended in failure, in which the parents might have been arrested for the violation of the com-

pulsory education law, why should this news be encouraging all the same? Because while, casually noted, it appears to be purely local, still, more closely examined, it becomes significant in the forecast of future possibilities. Co-operation of mothers and children in a strike in the field of public education, this is something new. The attention of mothers, roused to activity for their children's welfare, may be followed by the desire for greater sympathy and helpfulness between them and teachers in the education of children. And, further, in the long hidden struggle

with the Board of Education, recently brought by Margaret Haley of the American Federation of Labor, to public view, the teachers may be strengthened greatly if they are able to enlist the assistance of mothers and perhaps of scholars in liberating schools from the undesirable influences that control the Board of Education.

Nor is that all. Mothers, having advised and organized children to strike, they have unconsciously taught them the rudiments of direct action. A few of them graduate, enter the labor world, and, having already understood the value of strikes or co-operation, will be prepared to join unions. Others, should they become high school students, may feel bound to preserve the initiative for the organization of self-improvement. For there exists and is now developing among students various systems like "Honorary System," "Student Government," and others. A few of them have certain attributes of a judicial intermediary between students and teachers and principals. These constitute a danger to the liberty of students.

All told, the strike, despitess its local importance, has its own influence which may reach far. For it will possibly react in various directions from the mothers, pupils, and teachers upon others more or less connected with it. It puts the Board of Education, guilty of slowness and neglect in remedying school conditions, under the heavier burden of disrepute, though this board was shrewd enough to yield promptly to the strikers. It also may stimulate the interest of the teachers in the union for themselves. No doubt it may gladden certain students who were

expelled for being members of secret societies and so violating school rules; they themselves are not to be blamed for being ingrained with ineradicable "gang instinct." It may render determined young workers, like seceders from the Hebrew Institute, for instance, who were unjustly refused a hall for their speaker after it was rented to them, and who have now established their own school—The Workers' Institute. May not this case be indicative of the trend of future school strikes? Children, with the help of mothers—and teachers?—may also create for themselves more adequate schools. This is a problem for the future; but all such suggestive incidents are worthy of our thoughtful consideration.

Optimism, however, must be restrained in weighing the strike. Such strikes are very rare—involving only a few individuals, a class or a school. In spring it usually happens that a class of pupils, no longer able to resist the spring fever, gayly run out for a lark or play "hookey" for a day or so. And, just one strike made the Board of Education sit up and take notice took place in 1908, when children went out in sympathy with the teamsters who were on strike at the time. Afterwards a number of parents were fined twenty dollars a piece. But what needs demonstration here is that a sporadic strike, a local skirmish, is often not inconsequential. For it may incite different units of progressive discontent to some sympathetic movement for freer education or whatever happens to be its desired object. Events, therefore, are often more powerful propaganda of concrete action than pamphlets or unions.

From a California Reader—Comrade Gibbons of Richmond writes: "I wish to commend the scientific articles in the REVIEW. Only as science displaces superstition does the race make progress, and by encouraging the scientific attitude among its readers THE REVIEW is helping to lay the foundations for democracy that shall be."

From a Construction Worker

By ALBERT LOHSE

WE left the Milwaukee Employment Agency, sixty strong, to relay steel at River Junction, Minnesota. An extra coach was coupled on to the regular 8:30 local, which stopped at almost every cornfield along the line.

The coach was so small that it was impossible for any of us to secure a much-needed nap during the journey. We arrived at our destination at 2:30 the following day, tired and half starved. We immediately set about building fires, while some of us went to sleep in our side door sleepers. We were informed that, this being Saturday, we would not begin work till Monday at 7:00.

These palace cars which we were to inhabit had long outlived their usefulness and were, hence, transformed into bunks for the workers. Most of us were to re-lay steel or were put to surfacing.

Our bunk cars were 30 feet long and 8 feet wide and the ceilings are just high enough to permit a six-foot man to walk about without bumping his head. Our cars were magnificently furnished with twelve bunks and three cotton blankets apiece. The bunks, being made of canvas, were hard and very cold. There was no dressing room. We usually slept in our clothes on account of lack of bedding.

There was a decrepit stove, nail kegs for chairs, and a kerosene lamp, for which we were allowed one quart of kerosene a week. Some of the boys were discovered coating their bunks with this precious fluid, a proceeding to which others immediately interposed serious objections, as we were forced to purchase any extra kerosene consumed from our own pockets.

The cars were seldom ventilated and never scrubbed, partially on account of the cold. Most of these workers are so inadequately clothed and shod that they chill easily and are susceptible to every disease.

During January many of the boys were badly frost-bitten, as the thermometer

registered 29 degrees below zero. And then they had to spend some of their precious dollars for ointments. One of the men froze his feet so badly that he could not walk for a week and, as he was no more use to the company, the boss furnished him with a pass to Chicago. This pass was only forthcoming when ten or twelve big huskies handed out some straight talk to him. After deductions for bills, which had accumulated against him, the poor crippled fellow had not a cent to his name.

Conditions are so crowded and unpleasant and opportunity even for reading or writing so negligible that there are frequent quarrels. The man who has the loudest voice or the longest arm is usually the one who talks the most.

I rarely meet a Socialist or an I. W. W. among these men. They know next to nothing about economics and are usually old party partisans.

There are from sixty to sixty-five of us on this job and not one snap job in the bunch. This system is laying 90-pound steel—the very heaviest kind of work, done in all kinds of weather. All the men receive \$1.35 a day for nine hours work. They must be strong, husky and active. Old men are not shipped. If one happens to slip through, he is soon told to "beat it down the line."

Men are constantly coming and going. The heavy work and poor pay does not appeal to them after they have a few meals and a little change. But, when time "lost" is counted, a man is lucky to have a five spot if he stays a month. And there are no "passes" out for US.

The employment agencies thrive on us as each and all has to cough up one dollar for a chance at the job. Down-and-outs are preferred, as they have to buy shoes and clothes from the company, which charges twice as much and often more, for shoddy things, as we could get good ones for elsewhere.

At six a. m. Cook pounds on a rail with a king bolt. Thus are we summoned from the arms of Morpheus, and sixty

hungry slaves pile up to sit down to cheap pork sausage and heavy, hot cakes. This is on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays we sit down to heavy, hot cakes and cheap pork sausage. Dinner usually means Red Hots and cabbage, or beef heart and turnips or liver and onions.

The toughest old horse obtainable is served to us on the Lord's Day. At Sunday supper the *piece de resistance* is made up of all the week's left-overs thrown into a tub and chopped up into Hash De Luxe. This dish is generously seasoned with spices. Why? I am sure you could never guess. We pay \$4.00 a week for grub. Two dollars a month would be more in keeping with what we receive. And no matter how often we lose time, through the fault of the company, the board bill, like Tennyson's brook (wasn't it a brook?) goes on forever.

In spite of kicks on the grub, we work so hard that we are always lined up ten minutes before Cook sounds the alarm; for the ones who get there first get all they want, while those who come later take what's left. They all eat like starved wolves. Fletcherizing is entirely dispensed with in the Construction Camp.

Some of the men actually go to church on Sunday, probably to thank the Lord that they are well and at work on the "magnificent steel arteries of this great and glorious nation."

Our drinking water is hauled to the camp in a large 2,000-gallon tank. A two-inch gate valve allows the water to run into a cider barrel, which has not been cleaned since this camp started work December 9th.

When we want a drink we dip our buckets into the barrel and there you are! That the buckets are those used in boiling out clothing makes no difference; **CAN make no difference.** If we don't like it we can quit.

We generally spend our evenings in the bunk cars. Sometimes there is a dance in a nearby small town. But these grizzled veterans are too tired and too poorly dressed for such occasions. So they prefer the saloon, where they can find warmth, rag-time and drinks as long as their money lasts.

Their favorite literature is Dr. Jones'

Almanac, the Gazette, matrimonial weeklies and current magazines and books. If you try to read you will hear the man with the loudest voice and emptiest head pounding with a spike maul to emphasize his words. Some knock the Socialists, or the I. W. W., or all the trade unions. I have often heard them say they would not belong to any union to support a bunch of fake labor skates.

There are many accidents on this main line, due, chiefly, to the speeding up system in vogue. There are many sharp curves between La Crosse and Winona and you sometimes pump the hand cars almost up to the fastest of trains. Many a time we have just been missed by a locomotive passing at 40 miles an hour.

One big accident that occurred in this district happened because a brake rod broke. There were insufficient men at the division point to properly inspect rolling stock. "Safety First" signs are spread along the line. They should read "Profits First."

Driving these spikes into frozen oak ties requires some experience as well as brawn, but as the men constantly come and go, they put on almost anybody to drive spikes, and there are many accidents. Knocking off bolts is also prohibited by law. It is so dangerous to all within range. But every day men go to their bunks injured in some way, and there is no hospital car—no First Aid even. Engines—great giants—pass up every day, drawing eighty cars or more. Draw bars are taxed to the limit and often give way beneath the strain.

Here men can have no interest in their work. If the Straw Boss is away they miss spiking all the ties possible. They don't care a rap for Safety First. All they are interested in is 5 o'clock, or, better still, pay day, so they can beat it. They figure that somewhere, somehow, there is a better chance for them in the world.

Here are the general conditions the unorganized men must endure. They cannot get even a decent existence under present conditions. But it will be a fertile field for the I. W. W. to work in. The men are dissatisfied and the time is ripe now.



Minor in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
"WHAT HAVE YOU GOT AGAINST ME?"
"NOTHING; BUT OUR MASTERS HAVE ORDERED US TO FIGHT."

FROM FOETUS TO TRENCH

By GUY BOGART

THAT rampant militarism, cunningly foisted upon American workers, with rigid control of the individual from foetus to trench, is a part of the scheme of capitalism, is patent to students of the daily news. Not that the masters intentionally reveal their program, but the perfected plan casts shadowy outline through disconnected news titbits thrown out to satisfy the cloyed appetites of our sensation-craving public. Carefully considered over a period, especially of the last year, these scattered tissues take form in a hideous monstrosity of preparedness little guessed by the slumbering proletariat.

Was the wide publicity given the Bollinger baby case in Chicago a spontaneous outburst of interest in something new? Does agitation from New York city to Los Angeles for military training in the public schools mark the end or the beginning of the extension of military schooling of the

youth? Has the Boy Scout crime against our youth grown in the noxious atmosphere of capitalism to no avail? Have Billy Sunday, Sammy Gompers, Herbert Quick, Teddy the Terrible, Jane Addams, Elihu Root and thousands of the classes they represent, united on the idea of a program of preparedness accidentally? Why the sudden interest of the war department in the physical welfare of the nation's children?

The westward-moving star of capitalism's empire is in the process of making a meteoric leap to shed its lurid glare over the slaves of King John II and King Pierp II. And it is the blood-red star of Mars.

Alexandra Kollentay names the present European carnage merely the first of a series of bitter struggles for the world markets. The United States will emerge from the present conflict as the money center of the world. Though staggering under

heavy war debts, the workers of other lands will be driven to recuperate the powers of aggression once more for a powerful coalition against the "Yankee Hog," a fit emblem for the ruling power of this land of the black international flag of piracy.

Realizing the impending conflicts, practically every man in American public life took up the shibboleth of "preparation for peace," which is preparation for war. The exceptions, outside of the Socialist Party—which is of the world and not of America—can be counted on the fingers of one hand. There is Henry Ford, that splendid type of Count Tolstoy's man, who will do anything for the working man but get off of his back; the "Peerless One" from the Chautauqua, one of America's most picturesque fighters of windmills; David Starr Jordan, one of the world's greatest thinkers, who sees everything about war but the cure—and will someone please name the fourth on this roll of honor?

Capitalism's puny puppets in congress are going to give a lesson in solidarity the workers would do well to emulate. There will be pyrotechnics in plenty to enliven the little pretense of autonomy and to furnish campaign documents. President Wilson, before writing his third annual message, called in Representative James Mann, Senator Gallinger and other Grand Old Patriots into consultation. Mann stated that "everybody is for preparedness," and that he was "perfectly willing to consider preparedness in a nonpartisan way."

Yes, we will prepare. But how get the men? The Dick militia law, framed under the administration of the Bloody Hunter, has prepared the way to collect necessary cannon food in case of extreme unction, as the clergy might express it. It is better, however—and oh, how easy—to hoodwink the Dubb fraternity through the infection of patriotism for a bit of cracked junk, blinding their eyes to the skull and cross bones emblazoned on the colored rag floating above it, and for that hoary and fatal myth, "the fatherland."

T. R. is "agin" the Teutons and advocates changing the motto on our coins to read, "to hell with the hyphen." Billy Sunday, not to lose any of the advertising value of the crusade, joins the jingo chorus with "It's poppycock to talk peace without preparedness. The nation ought to be pre-

pared to fight whatever it has to." There now! The strenuous one of the church and the 'angle mingle their common atavistic hysteria for the common good of the plutocratic beasts of the Wall Street lair.

The special leagues for preparedness are fighting the President for his "inadequate" plans of defense. Out in Los Angeles poor doddering old Harrison Gray Otis, groping in the haze of senility, without brains even to be diplomatic, tilts the lid just a bit in an editorial captioned, "Merely a Beginning," in which he avers:

"When Mr. Wilson contemplates 400,000 men for his army of citizens, he makes a start in the right direction. Out of that number, perhaps, in case of an emergency, the country might get a nucleus for an army and a few trained officers for the 4,000,000 who will be needed."

Hudson Maxin, expert butcher machine builder, in a speech at Kansas City, furnished the information that "our little poorly-equipped army would make just about one good day's killing." (Like the prospects?)

Napoleon in the later years of his military excesses said a boy could stop a bullet as well as a man, and the youth of France, scarce strong enough to bear the muskets, were given the death sentence of conscription, just as certainly and as justly as the capitalists of Utah murdered Joe Hillstrom and will murder millions of boys in the next few years unless checked by the revolution of the slaves.

So the plutes of the plunderbund of the stars and stripes have turned to the boys. Why not? They are so gullible and trusting!

D. I. Woods of the War Department finds that of the 2,278,588 who enlisted on the union side of the Civil War, all but 118,000 were less than 21 years old. The list is as follows: 25, 10 years old; 38, 11 years; 225, 12 years; 300, 13 years; 105,000, 14 and 15 years; 126,000, 16 years; 613,000, 17 years; 307,000, 18 years; 1,009,000, 18 to 21 years.

The Boy Scouts organization (which we have been so solemnly assured is a non-military organization), dresses the boys in war uniform and teaches them above all things the dog-like obedience of a "good soldier," together with such other mental and physical gymnastics as will equip them

for the service of the masters in field and trench.

The present European war has stripped from the scout movement the flimsy lie that it is a peace organization. In England alone, for example, there were at the outbreak of the war more than 150,000 members of the Boy Scout patrols and 50,000 were mobilized before the outbreak of hostilities. There were 20,000 assisting the metropolitan police, 20,000 doing duty as orderlies and about 20,000 doing coast patrol duty in regular military fashion. They were working at first under the personal supervision of their founder, Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, who as a spy and a general utility man has been serviceable to the war machine of Great Britain. He talked for publication quite a bit before the censorship was set. He praised his boy soldiers who were withdrawn from their school work and homes to serve "the king." He spoke of "their first war," and swells with pride in his statement that "the government has recognized officially the scout dress as a uniform and the scouts are, therefore, regarded as servants of the state, just as our soldiers and sailors are."

In spite of the boys in the scout movement and the many school cadet corps, the millions needed for the slaughter to protect the interests of the ruling class requires yet more boys offered to the bloody sacrifice that will make the stench of Ludlow and Calumet pale into insignificance. Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War under Taft, recently said the training of the citizens of the United States from boyhood in the use of rifles is imperative.

"Mayor Mitchell," says the *New York World*, last August, in an editorial, "is coming home from camp full of zeal to train boys in the public schools. The Board of Education is said to be in accord with his views, and military training may become a part of the education of the 450,000 boys for whom the city will provide schooling this fall."

Secretary of War Garrison in a speech in New York, advocated training in all the universities, colleges and schools to supply the men "needed for first line duty for any military emergency." Get the idea? Your boys in high school and college will be the first to feed the hungry cannon their feast of quivering clay.

"I want the War department," con-

tinued Mr. Garrison, "to have the names and addresses of all men who have received a military training, so they can be reached if necessary. I want the universities, colleges and all schools to co-operate with the War department in listing available trained men." ALL is a big word. The news dispatches say Mr. Garrison, "was cheered by 500 bankers, lawyers, business men and politicians at the luncheon. There is the line-up of the patriots who want your boys trained from *birth* to make good soldiers to protect their financial holdings that belong justly to the slaves of this and other countries. How many of those 500 who cheered our war head would be found in the trenches with your boy and mine?

Perhaps some of the voters of Los Angeles, in the long list of candidates didn't attach any importance to the inconspicuous entry, "A. J. Copp, Jr." in the race for the Board of Education. Now they understand. This is Major A. J. Copp of the Seventh Regiment, N. G. C., and a drill team expert. Let us hope he is interested in education, but we doubt it. The major bided his time and suddenly startled the city with a full fledged plan for compulsory training of the 5,000 high school boys of Los Angeles. He says he, "has promise of hearty support of his plan from the War department." The boys are to wear khaki suits "similar to those worn in the regular army." (Nothing like getting them used to the badge of infamy.) "How to dig trenches," is one of the features of the Copp plan and while "the boys are learning the fighting side of the war game," the girls are to be trained as nurses.

Burgeois club women have amused themselves greatly in fighting over the plan, passing resolutions for and against the scheme, but the Chamber of Commerce has come out flatly for the whole program.

Just at this juncture comes another discovery—that children of these United States of Rockefeller are underfed, weak and uncared for. Judge Henry Neil, father of mothers' pensions, proposes that the War department investigate the cause of child poverty. Great heavens! Where has the judge been all these years? He said in Los Angeles: "They make a class that are not only unfit to fight in any army, but they are so low in vitality that they are unable to feel loyalty, patriotism, and cannot be depended upon." (Well, there is some vir-

tue in poverty.) So we must have paternalism under the management of the War department, for "the first requisite of a successful army is a healthy family, well fed and well housed." He says army officers are "greatly alarmed" at the type of man the grind of the capitalist system has produced.

So you see the outline. From the earliest age train every boy in the proletarian and even in the middle class homes, for cannon fodder, care for these war machines by housing them and fattening them properly for the slaughter. Is this all the program? No, we must go back to the foetus.

Babes have been allowed to die—and perhaps even mercifully assisted—for many years under such circumstances as the Bollinger baby. Newspapers have known many such facts. Why did the wide publicity and the convenient "precedent" become established at this present time if not as a part of the war plan to rear proper cannon fodder.

Do not mistake me as condemning what was done in that Chicago hospital. I endorse it all. One mother has signalized her right to motherhood in the real test of love. It is a wholesome indication that public sentiment has advanced so far that the majority of people favor the suppression of the defective. Now for the next step to destroy the system that makes de-

fectives. We are glad to see the government investigate the poverty of children, the propagation of the unfit and all similar problems for the physical uplift of the race.

But what a travesty on the barbarism we call civilization that a powerful government takes up these problems only in the interest of the war god as a part of an infamous plan to "capture the markets of the world" from a torn and bleeding group of rivals.

In the midst of it all there stands the one lone enemy of war that can force peace upon the world. Abolish the cause of war. Let us as revolutionists refuse to waste our energies in any reformatory peace palliatives. We must educate the proletariat to the enormity of the scheme that is being worked out to govern birth and life from infancy to old age in the one interest of making soldiers. A system of military service more thorough, more drastic and more demoralizing than that of any old world nation, either ancient or modern, is being developed. Gradually, step by step, the chains are being fastened upon us. Break the bonds today! Strike while there is time. See that the school boards of the nation do not make our school training camps. Keep your eye on congress this winter. Billions of dollars and millions of men are required for the program, and the workers must furnish all. Will we?

From Baltimore—"I heartily wish every comrade would take the REVIEW. It never fails to leave one with a sense of broadness and courage, and through it we seem to touch hands with other comrades all over the world."—M. S. B.

SOCIAL SUICIDE

By WALTER S. HUTCHINS

(Socialist Candidate for Governor of Massachusetts)

THIS article will consider some phases of Social Evolution, or changes in society brought about by the present system of wealth production and distribution. Through all previous ages of class rule, whenever a disagreeable effect made its appearance in society, this effect was attributed to the presence of witches and devils. On the other hand at such times as the ruling class neglected to gouge the last farthing from the exploited, and therefore produced satisfactory conditions, it was regarded as an answer to prayer. But since the writing of the famous works of Darwin, Wallace, Buckle and Marx, which give so clearly the underlying causes for well known effects, the idea has grown that for every effect there must be a cause, regardless of whether that cause has been discovered or not, and just so long as the cause remains the effect will also be present.

So there must arise in the mind of the thoughtful the question just how we are to discover the cause or causes of all the growing troubles which in the present stage of social development make their appearance as tho sprung by an unseen force right out of the dark. At almost any time regardless of whether we happen to be looking or not, there comes upon us as though dropped from the clouds, such things as, world-wide industrial depressions, world-wide unemployment and world-wide wars. To ascertain the cause of all these things is enough for one lesson, now that we understand, that, until the cause is removed the effect must continue. Surely the recent effects have been startling and they are growing worse.

As the ever growing army of the unemployed is closely identified with modern industry we might as well start in right here. Two essential characteristics of modern machine production under private ownership are, first that machinery displaces labor, and second that the

wages of the worker will not and cannot buy back the product of that worker. But all these characteristics were present at the very start of machine production, and without causing any such continuous, ever-present numbers of the unemployed as we have at the present time.

The lesser number of dis-employed, however, are readily accounted for when we stop to think that up to even the end of the first decade of the present century, workers were building, always building something. Also the farther back we go in the history of machinery, the smaller were the machines. But the great relief to unemployment was the building of the tools of the present profit system. The greatest expansion started about the middle of the last century when, in this country, the workers built something like 3,000 miles of railroa a year from 1850 to 1865 and 10,000 miles a year from that time till 1900 and at the same time were built all the great modern cities like New York, Chicago, Boston and a thousand others of smaller size; all the factories, all the machinery, all the habitations. While these workers were building, say a railroad, they received wages, spent those wages in the market and put no goods back into the market to sell. Thus was employed a vast number of workers, all building and consuming, but putting no things back onto the market for sale.

Through most of these years also there was a frontier extending from way north of the Canadian line almost to the Gulf of Mexico and just beyond was land, free land or at the most, very cheap land. Whenever the factory worker became displaced or was good and sick of his job, all he had to do was to get a camping outfit and rough it for a while. For a long time he could, and thousands did, escape to this frontier, escaped from the smoke, the noise, the worry from the high cost of living, for their entire lives provided they did not live too long.

It is true that even during this period

while so many workers were busy building things new, that once in a while a time of industrial depression would come. Most of the college economists of the period noticed that about once in twenty years such hard times were bound to make their appearance and many ingenious theories were brought forth to account for them. So sure were the high brows that the system of producing wealth was a thing eternal and that the sources of wealth with which their colleges were endowed were founded upon exact justice that it never occurred to them for a minute to examine that system for a possible flaw.

The educated vied with each other in attributing this very objectionable effect (panics) to sun spots or some other equally foolish thing. The real reason for the depressions in the last century was that the factory system had caught up with the means for distributing the product, when a depression would appear and last until better means of transportation had enlarged the radius around the factories over which the shoddy goods could be sold. Not knowing just when this time would arrive the factory owner waited while to see if the market had really been enlarged, when he got on a hustle to build his mill larger. Then with large numbers of workers building something, consuming from the market, times again became good.

By the end of the first decade of the present century the entire "civilized" earth, so to speak, had been covered with railroads. Then it was that railroad building stopped. Just as soon as the factory system had caught up to this market the building of factories ceased and for the very same reason, that is, that the earth had been covered with shoddy goods from factories already built, and there was no reason why more should be built. The sign for this period was the same as always came when the factory system caught up with the means for getting rid of products, and this hailing sign was our same old friend, the industrial depression. But as the means of transportation had covered so much territory and could not expand quickly, the industrial depression showed signs of out staying its welcome. In fact, it appeared to

have moved right in and taken the very best room in the house, for the purpose of settling down for good. Yes, this one would have every appearance of really being the last depression were business carried along on ancient lines.

But notwithstanding the opportunity of reducing wages afforded by hard times, the depressions are far from welcome to the machine owners. When the mills are silent, profits also disappear. To be sure, the spectacle of six million husky workers standing idle in the streets looking for work, in need of food, clothing and shelter, with winter right at the door did at first, look like a chance to get hands without paying wages at all. But as wage-less workers are also poor purchasers it only required a second look to see that without paying wages the mills must still remain closed because of no market.

This was the real psychological time when the factory system should have been made social property. Had it been taken over then little damage would have resulted, for this was a world problem and only could have been accomplished by a world-wide movement with a revolutionary force behind it. The only ones that could have done the trick were asleep at the switch. So the problem was left for the rulers of society to make another grist of profit from. How was this to be accomplished when industry was near a standstill?

It came about in something like this way. As this system required many workers being employed at something besides making food, clothing and shelter, all that was required after these workers could no longer be put to building the new, was to put an equal number to making something of no use and some more to destroying these useless things, then these workers could purchase what the factory worker made and could not buy back, with wages he could get, while several million men were walking the street jobless. Laughable as it might seem, that was the only solution and it had to be applied promptly, for the profit system begins to crumble as soon as profits cease. Nor did the world have long to wait for the ruling classes to act after the crucial moment had arrived. Back of the ruling class were the life insurance companies,

banks and other financial institutions forcing the present rulers to act quick when these institutions are in peril.

Europe being of an older capitalist development than America, all social forces there must have been intensified to a greater degree than in this country. The workers in Europe have for many years been busily engaged in the making of these useless things. Now the same force is producing the same effect in America. No longer are workers building railroads or factories for making useful things. The only factories now building are ammunition mills. Right before our very eyes the factories that were already built for making useful things are being changed into shrapnel shops. Wherever this product is used, unspeakable misery comes upon mankind.

And let it be remembered that as the system had already become dominant by the end of the first decade of the present century and no great number of workers employed at building the new, there was no other way for the system to continue. Today, close the munition mills of this country and the industrial system would be flat. Millions of people would be in a starving condition. The ruling class is already preparing the children to use this product. The boy scouts and the proposed military training in the schools are the opening shots of what is in store. The cause that has already smashed civilization into shreds in Europe is today working right under our very noses, the same course that brought war on more than half of mankind.

From this time on till the close of the profit-taking system, every machine improvement, displacing as it will, more and more labor, taking away jobs and purchasing power, will increase the necessity of the system producing more shrapnel. No remedy has yet been proposed but for the workers to take over this great shrapnel system and turn it into a system for making food, clothing and necessary things. To continue this private ownership is to make war, dreaded war as chronic as unemployment has been of late years. To continue the profit system now after tendencies are thus shaping themselves is simply to commit *social suicide*.

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EDITORIAL

How the Farmer Is Exploited

Some of us who have studied only the first part of Volume I of Marx's *Capital*, forget that when this greatest of all economists wrote Volumes II and III he elaborated on his theory of value.

Because we have been students of only a portion of the writings of Marx, some of us have claimed that the man who owned a farm and worked it himself and sold his product to some warehouse company, or to some speculator, sold his commodities at their value and was, therefore, not exploited in any way. But we were wrong.

As a rule, said Marx, commodities on the average exchange at their value. But by this he did not, by any means, mean that when a farmer sells a thousand bushels of wheat to one man, who in turn sells to a customer, who re-sells to some one else, who finally sells out to a third or fourth buyer—Marx did not mean that all these perfectly useless individuals *added any value to that wheat*. But they sell it at a profit.

Now since these speculating purchasers have not added any value to the farmer's wheat, either the first purchaser bought the wheat from the farmer *below* its value or the final purchaser paid for it at *more* than its value.

The man who originally bought the wheat from the farmer added no value to the wheat, nor did his customer, nor his customer's customer, etc., etc., add any value to the wheat. But the wheat may have sold finally at fifty cents a bushel more than the original purchaser paid for it, because when it was finally sold there was a greater demand for wheat. On the other hand, wheat occasionally sells below the price paid to the farmer for it, because of the sudden termination of war, etc., etc., or a decrease

in the demand for wheat. Supply and demand, we know, affect price, but not value, so that in war time, for example, the farmer may receive a price that is more than the value of his product.

Marx explains in Volumes II and III of *Capital* that brokers, middlemen and merchant capitalists, etc., being, on the whole, unnecessary, produce neither commodities nor any value.

On the average, he says, commodities exchange at their value—that is the consumer usually buys commodities at their value. He nearly always receives the value he pays for; he gives gold, or its equivalent, representing so many hours of necessary social labor, in exchange for commodities representing an equal amount of necessary social labor.

Commodities usually sell to the consumer at their value. Wheat brokers and wheat and other grain speculators get their profits out of value either produced by the farmer who works his farm, or from value produced by farm tenants or farm laborers, because these products are sold to these speculators *below* their value.

One speculator buys corn from a group of farmers at 40 cents and re-sells it to another speculator at 46 cents, who disposes of it to a third for 50 cents, who finally sells it to the mill men (who use it as raw material from which, say, corn flakes are manufactured) at 55 cents.

On the average these mill men buy the corn at its value; the various speculators have never seen the corn, never moved the corn, added not one particle of value to the corn. The first speculator in this case, bought the corn from the producing farmers at something like 15 cents a bushel *below* its value. This 15 cents of which the pro-

ducing farmers were exploited, is divided among the three speculators. Nobody is robbed or exploited but the actual producers of the corn.

Among capitalist farmers the same conditions prevail as in other fields of investment. Unless the capitalist is able to make his capital bring him the average rate of profits, he seeks other fields in which to put his money.

Capitalist farmers hire farm superintendents, overseers, farm laborers to work their lands or let their farms to farm tenants at a cash rental or for a portion of the tenants' products. Like the capitalist who, for instance, invests his money in a packing house, a mine or a woolen mill, these capitalist farmers have to divide the value appropriated from the labor of the workers, with the *middleman*. The capitalist farmer pays his workers the value of their labor power, but far less than the value of their products. On the average, these products are sold to the final buyer at their value. The capitalist farmer divides the surplus value, produced by the farm tenants or laborers, with the broker, the speculator, the storage companies.

The small farm owner, who works in the fields beside his hired "hands" is an exploiting capitalist as far as he pays his workers wages and appropriates their products. The surplus value or profits he is able to extract are represented by the difference between what he pays for the labor, and cost of machinery maintenance, repairs, taxes, etc., and the price he gets for the products of his laborers.

Occasionally buyers' associations grow so powerful that they demand so great a share of the surplus value produced by the farm workers that the farm owner, or fruit grower, or truck gardener, is unable to appropriate any of this surplus value produced by his laborers and he ceases to use his land in raising that particular product. This has been true in the case of many small capitalist fruit raisers. Apples rot upon the ground in Michigan and in many other states because the commission houses are so organized that the fruit farmers have no other market, and the price they offer for apples or peaches is so low that after the farm owner has paid the laborers to pick and pack the fruit, there is no surplus value left for himself.

Farmers in Different Classes.

Farmers cannot be lumped into one industrial class as politicians are so fond of doing in this country. To speak of, the "farmer" means nothing definite today. We read about the brother of ex-president Taft being a "farmer." But we are informed that this wealthy gentleman does not even superintend the work on his great capitalistic farm. Mr. Taft is an exploiting capitalist who appropriates the surplus value produced by his laborers and tenants.

As the industrial capitalist who employs workers to produce furniture, cloth, machinery, is compelled to *divide* this surplus value with the wholesale merchant, the jobber and the retailer, so even the millionaire capitalist farmer, Mr. Taft, sells many of the farm products, expropriated from his farm laborers *below* their value. Both classes of industrial capitalists have to *divide* the surplus value with other groups of capitalists.

Socialists are not in the least concerned with helping the industrial capitalists, neither the mighty Tafts nor the town farmer who hires two or three men who run his farm by the aid of additional men in harvest time. This small town farmer also sells the product of the farm workers *below* its value. We do not grieve to see the expropriator expropriated—the robber robbed. We are concerned only with seeing to it that the working class receives the value of its products.

The small farmer who owns or is paying on a farm, who works his farm himself ought to be interested in the revolutionary movement. He exploits no one and sells his products below their value.

On the other hand, we hear a great deal from the farm owner who works a little and hires two or three men. His complaints fill the country newspapers from Maine to California. It is true, that he sells the products of his farm below their value. But his only concern is to secure higher prices for these products, not the payment to his laborers of the value of the things they produce, the wheat they grow, or the fruit they raise. He desires to make more money from the labor of others. If the workers received the value of their social products, the question of land ownership would become a minor one. Ownership would not then mean opportunity for exploitation and

nobody would care to own land so long as he possessed an opportunity to produce and to exchange his products at their value.

In an industrial democracy it need not be a matter of serious moment that one group of workers finds it necessary to labor upon inferior land. We cannot all sow and reap of the best. Men and women will be recompensed according to the necessary number of hours they work and not upon the amount of wheat they raise upon a certain piece of land. For the same labor will produce twice the crop of wheat on rich land as upon poor land.

Every group will, of course, be advised by national experts as to the best crops to plant, the fertilizer needed, and on the thousand and one questions that are constantly increasing as farming is being reduced to a scientific basis.

If a group spends a certain amount of necessary labor on a piece of land according to advice of expert agronomists and the crop is entirely lost because of frost, floods or drought, this farming group will not be forced to beg for a living the remainder of the year. The local loss will be borne by the whole nation and every bushel of wheat will represent a little more *social* labor than it would have meant without the failure of local crops.

The whole wheat product will represent *all* the necessary social labor expended in producing it. Every year there will be failures of farm crops for one unavoidable cause or another, but the hours spent in farm work by the group of workers whose labors have proved fruitless will, without doubt, be included in the total number of hours spent in farm production by all the workers. Because the labor of *all* will represent the socially necessary labor embodied in the wheat crop, potato crop or corn crop.

In this way the farmer who works poor land will receive the same payment, per hour of labor, as the man who works the most fertile land. The total product will represent the total number of hours necessarily expended in the production of a commodity, and men will be paid according to their labors.

In this way groups of farmers will be practically insured against crop failures. Modern machinery will abolish all farm drudgery. The income of farm workers will be assured, as will be the income of all other necessary workers. Equal necessary effort, equal labor will mean a like recompense in every branch of industry. Exchange will be based upon labor for labor; service for service.

M. E. M.

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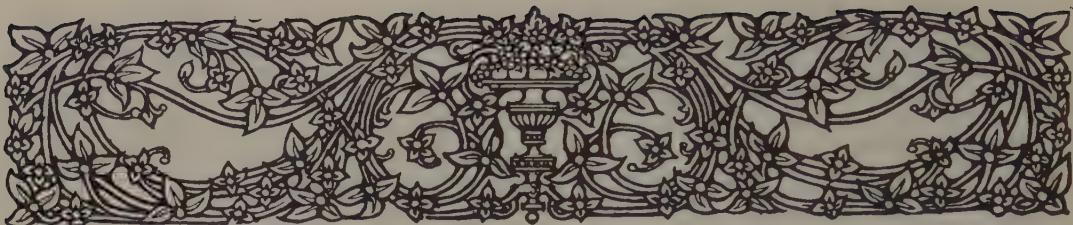
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INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

Brighter Outlook for the International. The good news about the growth of the German minority is full of meaning. Hitherto Socialists have had to content themselves with vague hopes. We have known that things must come right. With human nature as it is the class struggle must go on. In each nation there must be in time a rebirth of opposition to capitalist industry and capitalist government. And with this must come a rebirth of international solidarity. But now we have a more definite basis for confidence. There are fewer than a hundred voting members of the group in the Reichstag. We know now that nearly half of these are against the war and have courage enough to be counted against it. In England, Russia and Italy the chief groups of Socialists have been true to the International from the beginning.

With these facts in mind, it is possible for American Socialists to picture the next gathering of the world's proletarian forces. The first international Socialist congress after the conclusion of peace may be a stormy gathering; but it is clear now that there are in the world enough tried and true internationalists to dominate the situation. There have been mistakes enough made. There will be much to rebuild and much to create anew; but the majority of delegates will be men and women who believe in standing with their brothers of all lands against international capitalism. They have been tried in fire. They know now more of the weaknesses of the working class and the strength of the enemy than they ever knew before.

The new International which they will build will be a more solid structure than the old one.

Good News From Germany. We have all taken for granted that the German Internationalists are in the minority. In the Social Democratic caucuses they have usually mustered about a third of the votes. It may be that reports have been deceptive. It may be that party members have gradually been waking up to the actual state of affairs. At any rate it is now clear that the real Socialists either are now in the majority or are in a fair way to become so.

The *New York Volkszeitung*, the best informed paper in this country on such matters, has made a calculation on the basis of all sorts of information collected since the outbreak of the war. There have been many mass-meetings, conferences of local or regional committees, and declarations by special groups. The *Volkszeitung* has carefully calculated the numerical strength back of each of these manifestations. It has, moreover, taken into account the amount of anti-war sentiment represented by each of the Socialist deputies in the Reichstag. As a result of this careful survey it makes the definite statement that the majority of German Socialists are against the war and the voting of war budgets.

The most recent events in Germany strongly confirm the conclusion of the *Volkszeitung*. The Reichstag met on the 9th of December. Scheidemann and Landsberg represented the Socialist group in the discussion. Scheidemann put to the

Chancellor the much-advertised question as to the terms upon which the government would be willing to conclude peace. Von Bethmann-Hollweg practically refused to answer. He said that no patriotic German would ask the government to commit itself in advance of actual negotiations. Let the enemy make a proposal and the German government will discuss it. Scheidemann and his supporters pretended to be entirely satisfied with this reply. Landsberg's address was, in large part, a glorification of German military success.

Before the opening of the sessions the Socialists had been in caucus for about a week. There had been long and bitter debates on the attitude to be taken. The minority group varied in strength on various motions, but in most instances it had about forty members in favor of its program. The men made a special attempt to have one of their number appointed to take part in the formal discussion. Before the war it was customary to have both Revisionists and Revolutionists so represented. Since the beginning of the war this custom has been given up. The majority refused the request of the minority on the plea that no division must be advertised in public. So those who remain true to the International were officially muzzled.

But on the 21st of December the official "Socialist" bureaucrats had the surprise of their lives. Twenty Socialists voted against the granting of the budget and 22 left the chamber. Here are the names of the 20: Bernstein, Bock, Buechner, Cohn, Dittman, Geyer, Haase, Herzfeld, Henks, Horn, Kunert, Ledebour, Liebknecht, Bruehne, Schwartz, Stadthagen, Stolle, Vogtherr, Worm, Zubeil. Immediately after this decisive action 65 members of the group met and passed a vote of censure on the heroic twenty. Later the Executive Committee of the Party passed a similar motion. Haase and the other representatives of the minority were not present when this action was taken. Immediately after the decisive action, Haase resigned his position as chairman of the Socialist group. It is reported, too, that the opposition Socialists have formed an unofficial organization to formulate their views and defend themselves against at-

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tack. This organization is called the Socialist Union (Vereinigung).

All of these events have been strenuously discussed in the press and in party conferences. Perhaps the most notable events since the vote was taken were the meetings of the district committees of Leipzig and Berlin. In both of these meetings the action of the twenty in voting against the budget was almost unanimously approved.

A large part of the discussion centers about the question of party unity. Carl Legien, it is reported, made a formal demand in a caucus of the Socialist group that the now famous twenty be expelled from the Party. On the other hand, Otto Ruehle, one of the twenty, said in an article published in the *Pirnaer Volkszeitung* that division of the Party is the logical result of division in the parliamentary group and is, moreover, a result devoutly to be wished. Others on both sides respond that division is not necessary. Chief among these is the *Berlin Vorwaerts*. Vorwaerts maintains that the minority of representatives really represent the majority of members. It is quite probable that when the first Party congress meets the International, anti-war Socialists will be in the majority. Hence it is not for them to advocate division at the present time.

Whatever may happen in the future, American Socialists send greetings to their German comrades. The carnage goes on. Every day thousands are being added to the millions killed and wounded. But for the international movement the worst is over. The second International broke down in the sense that it ceased to function. The groups composing it lost touch with one another and became mutually suspicious. But we know now that the stuff the organization was made of still exists. Most of the parts of it have not lost their character or purposes. Bring them together again and it will be possible to rebuild better than before.

Manifesto of the French Socialists. The annual congress of the French Socialist Party met at Paris on Christmas day. There were 280 delegates present. They remained in session for four days and had warm discussions about the party's attitude toward the war. But I do not know

what really happened. Neither do many others except those who were there. The sessions were held behind closed doors. Each evening a formal statement was made to the press that So-and-so had presided and the war had been discussed. Even *l'Humanite* published nothing more than this.

After it was all over an English correspondent sent to *The Labor Leader* a story of a bitter struggle on the part of a minority. But no matter how the minority exerted itself it made little showing when it came to the voting. The official resolution was adopted by a vote of 2,736 to 76 with 102 abstentions. (The delegates had votes in accordance with the number of members they represented.) It will be noted, however, that the drafters of the resolution had some fears about what the minority might do after the congress.

Following is a digest of the resolution adopted with the most significant passages quoted word-for-word: The French Socialist Party is engaged, with the rest of France, in the prosecution of a defensive warfare. It will continue to do its part until French territory is freed of invaders and until the conditions of permanent peace are established. These conditions are the restoration of liberty to the small peoples and the establishment of justice on the basis of universal, obligatory arbitration of international differences. Among the oppressed populations to which liberty of action must be restored is that of Alsace-Lorraine. The Allied Powers should proclaim their freedom from any desire for conquest or annexation of territory and thus secure the advantage of moral support on the part of neutrals.

"The Socialist Party of France knows that as long as the iniquity of capitalism exists with its consequent competition and development of colonialism and imperialism we shall have also the danger of war. But the world faces this alternative: Either it will continue the practice of war with all its burdens of armaments and destruction or the nations will usher in an era of arbitration by limitation armaments, by the democratic control of treaties, by the abolition of secret diplomacy, by the nationalization of the in-

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dustries of war, by the establishment of a power prepared to enforce judgment against recalcitrant nations by taking economic or military measures."

The Germans are told that in making war they are defending themselves against destruction. For their part French Socialists declare that they have no designs whatever against the existence or prosperity of the German people. But we have in mind to aid in the destruction of Prussian militarism by putting an end to its reason for existence. With the establishment of international arbitration there will be no excuse for any military system, least of all for one like that of Germany.

The French Socialist Party declares its willingness to re-establish relations with the German Social Democracy as soon as German Socialists have returned to the principles long held by the International. Among these are: The repudiation of imperialism, affirmation of the right of peoples to determine their own political affiliations, opposition to violations of international law. "We see no use in an International without principles, without ideals, without a soul.

"How can Socialists claim to stand for a regime of international peace if, having had a chance to stop the flood of war they did not even oppose to it, the inflexible clearness of opinion which one owes to the truth?

"The French Socialist Party considers the division between German imperialist Socialists and the minority a good omen. The growth of this minority will save the honor of International Socialism and prove the salvation of the German nation. It is within the power of German Socialism to hasten the re-establishment of the International."

The Congress directs the Socialists' deputies in the Chamber and the Socialist members of the cabinet to do their utmost to aid in the national defense in order that the war may be brought to the speediest possible close and international relations thus be placed permanently on a basis of peace and justice.

The Congress wishes to impress upon all Socialist deputies, party officials and members that absolute unity of action is now more essential than ever.

British Labor Against Conscription. During the last days of January a Congress of British labor unionists met in Bristol. There were more than two million men represented. In the action taken, therefore, English labor spoke officially. The majority of those represented are not Socialists. They are not opposed to the war. Many of them are not even opposed to the existence of capitalism in any consistent or conscious way. But they are all fighting for better conditions and with true British doggedness they refuse to stop fighting enemies at home because they have been made to think they have an enemy abroad.

They are against the Germans, it is true. They began by adopting a resolution to support the government in its war. Then they went at the real business in hand. This was to make opposition to the government's conscription law. A resolution declaring conscription to be "contrary to the spirit of British democracy and full of danger to the liberties of the British people" was passed by a vote of 1,796,000 to 219,000.

With only a single vote in the negative they passed a resolution calling for amendments to the munitions bill designed to prevent "the pretext of war being used for the greater coercion and subjection of labor."

The Congress also passed a resolution demanding: (1) Drastic reduction of armaments by agreement of all the European powers; (2) an international agreement that no power should acquire territory without the consent of the inhabitants; (3) parliamentary control of foreign affairs.

A proposal to oppose the conscription measure with the general strike was promptly buried. And in general the delegates acted much as the members of other similar British congresses have done. But the published reports give the distinct impression that the chief energy and enthusiasm were directed against English capitalism rather than against German militarism.

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Propaganda Inside—A comrade from the state penitentiary writes: "I reach twenty fellows in here with my copy of the REVIEW every month. They are all studying Marxian Socialism. These men begin to see the cause of the world's misery and their own as well." We hope all of our friends inside will start study clubs. We may as well begin to make the penitentiaries institutions of learning wherever we can.

The College Graduate—"After I hoboed around in the country from my seventeenth to my twenty-third year, I went up to Alaska, saved up \$1,200, went to the University of California for four years, graduated two years ago, taught in a small high school in Arkansas for two years eight months at \$700 per year, and now I am clerking. I was married last spring in Pennsylvania. All so-called 'professions' are overfilled, be it in medicine, law, engineering or teaching. From 700 graduates of the University of California in 1913, only about 200 graduates got positions in their respective callings the following year. The rest had the privilege of going home, being star boarders, or else going out dish washing, as some of my class-mates did in California. All this talk about the financial value of a college education is mere humbug. The 'learned' professions are more crowded than the field for unskilled laborers, and salaries are lower than of the skilled mechanics as a rule, for the first ten years."

St. John Jail—Comrades, allow me to correct any false impressions which may be conveyed by Comrade Fillmore's letter re my arrest and imprisonment, published in February's issue of the REVIEW.

At the meeting mentioned I had no intention of censuring Comrade Carney, my blame of him being entirely ironical.

In addition to the words mentioned by Comrade Fillmore, I stated: "There are no martyrs in the Socialist movement, but there are fighters who receive hard blows."

The word "martyr" conveys the idea of an individual who is a patient sufferer on the behalf of other people, with a tendency to a strong pose of self-abnegation.

Personally, I have no use for that sort of individual.

Comrade Carney is by no means a man of that stripe; he is a gallant, uncomplaining fighter in the ranks of the revolutionary working class, because he realizes that the fight for working class emancipation is *his* fight, and the blows that he has received—and they have been many—he has taken with a smiling face.

But of course he *did* deserve those blows. The fact that he received them is the *proof* that he deserved them. I am doing two months in jail—I deserve my punishment—I requested much more, and should in that case have deserved it.

A comrade in the Canadian West, Comrade Reid, has just been sentenced to fifteen months'

imprisonment for the same offense as I received two months (oh! the intelligent and impartial administration of capitalist "Justice"). Reid deserves his punishment.

The working class deserves any treatment that the capitalist class has the will and power to inflict on the working class, so long as the workers, in the weakness of ignorance, submit, but when the workers, in the might of their numbers and intelligence, arise, then the capitalists will deserve any treatment that the workers choose to administer to them. Speed the day.

An appeal has been made on my behalf in the REVIEW. Please call that off, as my sentence, being short, we are making no appeal to a higher court.

Reid, however, has a long sentence, and we must free this able and devoted comrade as soon as possible, and, if any rebels across the line have a little to spare, I suggest that they forward it to A. McLean, secretary S. P. of Canada, Socialist Headquarters, Avenue Theater, Vancouver, B. C.

Contrary to a letter I have in my possession from a "prominent" member of the S. P. of A., our fight on this side of the line is *your* fight also, and it is a hard fight just now, comrades, a very hard fight, for we are few in numbers and widely scattered, and in addition, the section of the capitalist class with which we in Canada have to deal is specially vindictive because of the family quarrel they are indulging in just now.

Yours in Revolt,
WILFRID GRIBBLE.

At Last Ludlow Is Atoned For—Labor has come into its own and Jawndee has crowned it with the full product of its activities. Generous is the oil monarch and wise are his hirelings. It all happened in California during the glad Christmas season. The good news was flashed to the world in the January issue of The Standard Oil Bulletin. President D. G. Scofield of the "Standard Oil Company of California" (see attorney general) incubated the marvelous idea. I'll keep you in suspense no longer. "The Order of Service" has been organized, and all who have been continuously employed for a period of ten years ARE TO BE PRESENTED WITH SERVICE PINS. "There is no caste in the order," says President Scofield. The pin "is a testimonial of merit and efficiency, for the continuous employment of any one person for ten years or over, assumed that the service rendered has been satisfactory and well performed." There are various grades of the pins and after one of the slaves has toiled fifty years his decoration will contain five chip diamonds.

"Praise John from whom OIL blessings flow."

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From a Washington Lumberjack—I just finished reading the article by Fellow Worker Bose on the "Lumberjack in the North" and

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Mr. H. C. Atteberry, Lilac, Neb., writes: "I have used sample box of Cranolene. It has done me more good than anything I have ever used. Enclosed find \$5 to pay for the good you've already done me." Postal will bring you FREE what Mr. Atteberry gratefully paid \$5.00 for.

will say that conditions among the loggers here in western Washington and Oregon are better than those surrounding the workers he writes about. While it is very true in some localities that the mattresses are sold time and again, still the men do not have to sleep on balsam boughs and hay.

While it is true some of the camps have poor sleeping quarters, the majority of bunk shacks are 32 feet long and 10 feet wide, with double berth bunks accommodating ten men. We go to work at 6:30 in the morning, have one and a half hours for dinner, knocking off work at 4:30 or 5 at this time of the year.

Most men haul the men in and out on logging trains. Wages are from \$2 to \$4.50 per day. I should say the average wage is around \$3. Of course, more organization is needed.

Slave drivers exist in all localities and I have heard many a foreman say that he would not only make the men run from one tree to another, but would make them throw their tools before them. Oftentimes the men come in at night with their shirts saturated with sweat. Whenever a record is made for one day, the bosses expect the men to do it every day. I worked in one camp where the men got to bucking one another, with the result that they got out 3,000,000 feet of lumber in record-breaking time and the camp had to shut down until the mill caught up. The men thus threw themselves out of work. Of course, the "boneheads" knew no better, but let us hope that they will learn in time.—D. R.

A College of the People—We are gratified to announce to our readers at the opening of the new year that The People's College, organized by the workers of the world, is building up rapidly and making brilliant progress in its correspondence courses and in every department of its excellent work. The college is maintained by the College Union, consisting of a membership interested in and pledged to working class education, each member paying a dollar a year for a period of five years for a life membership, during which he or she receives the College News, the monthly publication, filled with vital matter relating to the education of the masses, as a means of their emancipation.

The People's College is tainted by no ruling class subsidy and subject to no restricting or contaminating influence whatsoever. It is in the fullest sense a people's school. It is owned and managed by the workers themselves and the truth is taught and the facts are sought without fear or favor.

"Every worker in the land, however remotely he may be situated, can become a

member and give himself the benefit of a thorough course of his own choosing by correspondence by addressing The People's College, Fort Scott, Kans. This is the school of the toiling and producing millions and it is destined to become the greatest school in the world."—Eugene V. Debs.

A New Zealand Socialist Secretary, when ordering his bundle of *REVIEWS*, writes: "We are fighting a strenuous battle here against military conscription, which the ruling class would force upon us; with pen and tongue, in the face of the unanimous advocacy of the conscriptionist cause by the press, we are determined not to permit Prussianism to enter this country. An inventory of flesh and blood—called by our rulers a National Register—has disclosed the disquieting, to our jingo-ruling class) fact that 77,000 men of military age decline to do military work. Sixteen thousand of these are young single men who have simply answered "no" to every question involving military duty. The total population of New Zealand is only a million, so the percentage of those who refuse to bend to the war god is high enough to give us Socialists great hopes for the future.—G. W."

From Rebels East and West—Comrade Gaylburd of Roxbury, Mass., sends in six yearly subs, and fellow-worker Burpee of Alleghany, Cal., fires in a list of fifteen yearlies, and adds, "Count on me to support you in making the *REVIEW* popular in this camp." This is the kind of co-operation that counts. If one rebel out of ten who takes the *REVIEW* would get on the job, we could meet the 100,000 mark by the end of the year.

What a Live One Can Do—The following extract from a letter written by a *REVIEW* reader in Pennsylvania shows what a "live" one can do when he gets on the job: "I thought I would get up a little bundle myself among my fellow-workmen who are not in the local, and here is the number, 31. Got to see some of them just long enough to say a few words and some of them I got by 'phone. This we expect to keep up for the year 1916. I know the *REVIEW* will move some of the old prejudiced ideas which they are carrying around at the present time." All of this illustrates the fact that one "live" Socialist on the job is worth a hundred "Me-Too" Socialists who imagine they have no time to read Socialist literature or even pass along a leaflet to the other slaves on the job.

From a Live Comrade at Indianapolis— "Sold the twelve *REVIEWS* I ordered the first day I received them, and found three parties who, after reading the February number, wanted the January issue also. It is hard to get \$1 for a yearly subscription, but no trouble

to sell copies for 10 cents each. Please rush another bundle of ten."—L. H. S.

Saskatchewan, Canada—"A friend has given me the *REVIEW* to read and I am pleased with it. The Joe Hill affair, as the *REVIEW* showed it, should stir the heart in every workingman in America if he only knew and could understand Cause—Effects—Remedy, which would be 'Scientific Socialism Applied.' Send me the *REVIEW* and *Ancient Society*. Here is another sub also."—P. J. H.

Sacramento, A. W. O., sends us resolutions on the Ford and Suhr case. They are asking a pledge from all the members of the working class to refuse to rest until these comrades are released from prison. Keep this in mind and do all you can to bring pressure to bear in this case.

From Pittsburgh—An audience of fifteen hundred people at the Lyceum Labor Forum last Sunday unanimously endorsed a resolution requesting Congress to print enough copies of the report of the Industrial Relations Commission to supply the demand. The resolution was introduced by Earl O. Gunther. Several hundred workers also signified their willingness to write to five friends in different parts of the country to take the matter up with their congressmen.

Art. 2, Section 6—This is to call your attention to a proposed national referendum looking toward the annulling of Sec. 6, Art. 2, National Constitution, Socialist Party, submitted for seconds by Local La Crosse, Wis., and published in the *American Socialist* of Jan. 1st. But they neglected to publish the comment which accompanied our resolution, copy of which follows:

"The control of the Socialist Party by the reactionary element has resulted in a condition of inertia. The Socialist Party should be the organized expression of the revolutionary socialist movement, based solely on the class struggle. To make of a revolutionary party a pink tea affair and to exclude from its councils and from participation in its efforts all live-wire revolutionary socialists is party suicide. As long as we retain in our constitution the section named we are a legitimate subject for ridicule."

I am certain the International Socialist Review is in complete accord with this local in wishing to annul this abortion in our constitution, and I am calling the matter to your attention now in an endeavor to enlist your help in the way of publicity. Now that we can secure an opportunity to vote on amendments to the constitution on request of 8 per cent of the membership, we may be able to bring this matter before the comrades if we can secure their attention.—A La Crosse Comrade.



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PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

How to Get Socialist Books at Cost

For the benefit of new readers of the REVIEW, I shall explain briefly the plan on which our publishing house is organized. It is incorporated under the laws of Illinois, with an authorized capital of \$50,000, divided into 5,000 shares of \$10.00 each. Of these 4,116 have been issued, and 884 are still in the treasury. Of those issued I personally own 1,234, a few comrades own from two to 35 each, while about 2,800 are owned by as many different comrades, who have invested just \$10.00 each.

No dividends have ever been promised and none have been paid, since our aim is not to make profits, but to circulate the greatest possible amount of the best Socialist literature at the lowest possible prices. The personal advantage to each of our 2,800 stockholders is that he has the privilege of having any of the books published by us mailed to him at any time on receipt of the retail price less 40%, or of buying \$20.00 worth of our books by express, charges prepaid by us, for \$10.00. He can buy for others as well as for himself, and as a matter of fact, most of our books are sold to or through our stockholders.

We publish most of the really valuable books by Socialist writers in the English language, including the works of Marx, Engels, Dietzgen, Lafargue and Labriola. An illustrated catalog with full descriptions of these books will be mailed on request. The easiest way to get a good Socialist library is by becoming a stockholder in our publishing house.



But the privilege of getting lower prices on books was a secondary motive with most of the 2,800 comrades who have become stockholders. The important consideration with them was to stimulate the circulation of real Socialist books. Of the books which we retail at 50c each and mail to our stockholders for 30c each, the greater part, if the question had been left to capitalist publishers, would either never have been published at all, or would have been sold at not less than a dollar net, and thus have been kept out of the reach of most wage slaves. Our low priced Socialist classics are sold wherever the English language is spoken. In Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and even England itself, our Marxian literature has helped build up revolutionary movements that have stood firm against all attempts at compromise with capitalist reformers. And here in the United States our literature has prepared the way for the Socialist Party and has constantly strengthened the revolutionary element within the party.

In 1913, the last calendar year not affected by the European war, we circulated Socialist literature to the amount of \$46,872.95, and earned a few hundred dollars above expenses, which we applied to reducing our debt. Since the war began, we have had a hard struggle to meet expenses, and this condition is likely to continue while the war lasts. When once the war comes to an end, all signs point to an enormous increase in So-

cialist activity all over the world. We must prepare for a big expansion in our literature at that time, and more capital will be urgently needed. We must begin to raise it now.

Books at Less Than Cost to New Stockholders. There are three distinct elements in the cost of publishing a book. Take, for example, one published by us to retail at 50 cents. Before a single copy can be sold, there is a necessary outlay to the author or translator, the typesetters, and the electrotypers, amounting to \$200 to \$400, and there is no possible way of telling in advance among how many copies this expense will be divided. If it turns out to be less than 3,000, we lose. Next, there is the actual cost of paper, presswork and binding for each copy, about ten cents. Third, there is the inevitable "overhead expense," including rent, wages of office force, interest on borrowed money, postage and advertising. The items under this heading amount each year to more than the manufacturing cost.

\$15.00 Cash Buys a Share of Stock and Books Listed at \$25.00. Under this offer we get for the books merely the second item of cost explained above, omitting the first and the third. We can afford it only because we do not pay dividends, and in the long run the saving of interest on the \$10.00 paid for a share will make up for the loss on the books. A considerable number of comrades have accepted this offer, and they have, without exception, been well pleased with the books. The trouble with this plan, however, is that few wage-workers can spare \$15.00 at one time.

An Installment Offer. We now make practically the same offer, of books published by us to the amount of \$25.00, with a \$10.00 share of stock, and we ask only \$6.00 in advance, \$10.00 more to be paid in monthly installments of \$1.00 each. Under this plan the cost to the purchaser is \$1.00 more, which barely pays the cost of the labor involved in carrying an installment account. The stockholder gets the full set of books at once, and the stock certificate when his payments are completed. This is the biggest opportunity ever offered to get a really good Socialist library on easy terms, and I

hope several hundred comrades will take advantage of it at once. The offer is open to Locals of the Socialist Party or of the I. W. W. as well as to individuals. Start a library at your headquarters, or put the books on sale at retail prices, using the profit on sales to pay the installments as they come due.

A Suggested List of Books. For the benefit of comrades not familiar with our books, who feel uncertain as to the best books to select, I suggest the following list, but the purchaser is at liberty to make his own selection from our catalog and order list, which will be mailed on request. Note, however, that the offer does not apply to books in the catalog marked with a star (*), which indicates that they are books of other publishers, on which we can allow stockholders only 20% discount. My suggested list is as follows:

Anarchism and Socialism, Plechanoff.....	\$ 0.50
Art of Lecturing, Lewis.....	.50
Capital, Marx, three volumes.....	6.00
Class Struggle, The, Kautsky.....	.50
Communist Manifesto, Marx and Engels.....	.50
Materialistic Conception of History, Labriola.....	1.00
Evolution of Man, The, Boelsche.....	.50
Evolution of Property, The, Lafargue.....	.50
Evolution, Social and Organic, Lewis.....	.50
Feuerbach, Engels.....	.50
Introduction to Sociology, Lewis.....	1.00
Landmarks of Scientific Socialism, Engels.....	1.00
Origin of the Family, Engels.....	.50
Philosophical Essays, Dietzgen.....	1.00
Positive Outcome of Philosophy, Dietzgen.....	1.00
Principles of Scientific Socialism, Vail.....	1.00
Puritanism, Meily.....	.50
Revolution and Counter-Revolution, Marx.....	.50
Right to Be Lazy, Lafargue.....	.50
Savage Survivals, Moore.....	1.00
Science and Revolution, Untermann.....	.50
Social and Philosophical Studies, Lafargue.....	.50
Social Revolution, The, Kautsky.....	.50
Socialism and Philosophy, Labriola.....	1.00
Socialism for Students, Cohen.....	.50
Socialism, Morris and Bax.....	.50
Socialism, Utopian and Scientific, Engels.....	.50
Theoretical System of Marx, Boudin.....	1.00
Value, Price and Profit, Marx.....	.50
World's Revolutions, The, Untermann.....	.50
Total at list prices.....	\$25.00

Remember that \$6.00 sent now, with your promise to pay \$1.00 a month for ten months, brings you this set of books. Expressage in the United States or Canada will cost you, according to distance, from 35c to \$2.00, not more. For postage to foreign countries add \$2.00; to Alaska or U. S. colonies, \$3.00.

A complete financial report, showing the receipts, expenditures, assets and liabilities of the publishing house will be found on page 505 of last month's REVIEW. Any other information desired by any one considering the purchase of stock will be furnished on request.

A Personal Word. I have carried on my own shoulders the financial responsibility of this publishing house since the first of 1886, when it was founded. I can not look forward to many more years of active work. Practically all I have is represented in the 1,234 shares of stock which I still own. My associates in the office are without capital, but have the experience and ability to continue the work successfully provided the necessary capital can be raised. My hope is to raise it all from the sale of single shares to readers and friends of the REVIEW. In this way the permanent control of the publishing house can be kept in the hands of the co-operating stockholders. A prompt response to this announcement will, within a few months, put our enterprise on a thoroughly secure basis, and will equip the publishing house for doing a bigger work during the critical times that must follow the European war.

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It is now out in book form again, well printed on good paper, bound in cloth. It is written for the man or woman who has something to say and wants to know how to say it effectively in public.

We have arranged with the publishers for 100 copies to be sold at the regular retail price of 50c a copy, postpaid. First come, first served.

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—THE—

Universal Kinship

This is the most important of the works of J. Howard Moore, author of our recent books, "The Law of Biogenesis" (50c) and "Savage Survivals" (\$1.00). "The Universal Kinship" has been out of print some years; we have now in response to persistent demands issued a new and very attractive edition. The book includes the following chapters:

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Man an Animal.
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The Factors of Organic Evolution.
The Evidences of Organic Evolution.
The Genealogy of Animals.
Conclusion.

The Psychical Kinship

The Conflict of Science and Tradition.
Evidences of Psychical Evolution.
The Common-Sense View.
The Elements of Human and Non-Human
Mind Compared.
Conclusion.

The Ethical Kinship

Human Nature a Product of the Jungle.
Egoism and Altruism.
The Ethics of the Savage.
The Ethics of the Ancient.
Modern Ethics.
The Ethics of Human Beings Toward
Non-Human Beings.
The Origin of Provincialism.
Universal Ethics.
The Psychology of Altruism.
Anthropocentric Ethics.
Ethical Implications of Evolution.
Conclusion.

Mark Twain, the greatest of American writers, said in a letter written shortly before his death: "The Universal Kinship has furnished me several days of deep pleasure and satisfaction. It has compelled my gratitude, at the same time, since it saves me the labor of stating my own long-cherished opinions, reflections and resentments by doing it lucidly and fervently for me."

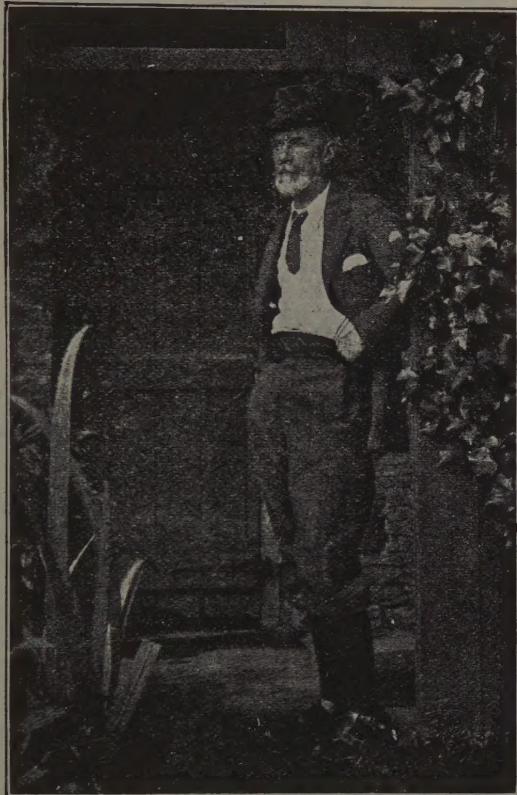
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Love's Coming-of-Age

By EDWARD CARPENTER



LOOKING FORWARD: A Treatise on the Status of Woman and the Origin and Growth of the Family and the State, by Philip Rappaport. Cloth, \$1.00.

ANCIENT SOCIETY, or Researches in the Lines of Human Progress from Savagery through Barbarism to Civilization. By Lewis H. Morgan, LL. D., Cloth, 586 pages, \$1.50.

A volume of essays on the relations of the sexes. The author brings to his difficult subject the logic of a scientist, the sympathetic insight of a poet and the courage of a revolutionist. That is why the book is a classic that finds an increasing number of readers yearly. The chapters are:

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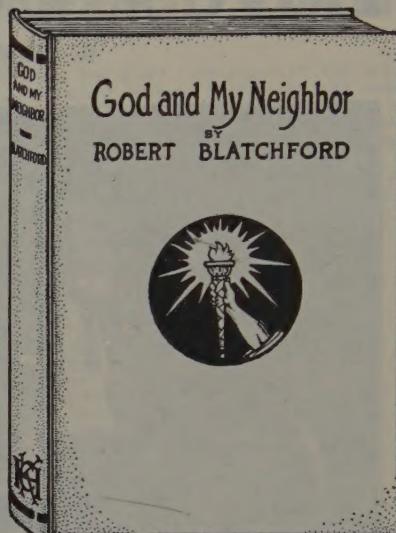
"If you were a human father, would you rather your children praised you and neglected each other, or that brother should stand by brother, and sister cherish sister?"

GOD AND MY NEIGHBOR is not an attack upon religion. It is a study of the Bible from the scientific point of view. It is one of the most thought-provoking books of the age. It is being discussed from hundreds of platforms and in thousands of homes.

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This is the FIFTIETH VOLUME in our fifty-cent LIBRARY OF SOCIALIST CLASSICS, containing most of the important Socialist books to be had in the English language, with the exception of some larger volumes necessarily sold at higher prices. The remaining forty-nine volumes are:

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Communist Manifesto, Marx and Engels.	Puritanism, Meily.
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Ethics and the Materialist Conception of History, Kautsky.	Russian Bastile, Pollock.
Evolution of Banking, Howe.	Sabotage, Pouget.
Evolution of Man, Boelsche.	Science and Revolution, Untermann.
Evolution of Property, Lafargue.	Social and Philosophical Studies, Lafargue.
Evolution, Social and Organic, Lewis.	Social Revolution, The, Kautsky.
Feuerbach, Engels.	Socialism for Students, Cohen.
Germs of Mind in Plants, Francé.	Socialism, Morris and Bax.
God's Children, Allman.	Socialism, Positive and Negative, LaMonte.
High Cost of Living, Kautsky.	Socialism, Utopian and Scientific, Engels.
Human, All Too Human, Nietzsche.	Stories of the Struggle, Winchevsky.
Law of Biogenesis, Moore.	Story of Wendell Phillips, Russell.
Life and Death, Teichmann.	Ten Blind Leaders, Lewis.
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Marx He Knew, The, Sparge.	Value, Price and Profit, Marx.
Memoirs of Marx, Liebknecht.	Vital Problems, Lewis.
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	World's Revolutions, Untermann.

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Our publishing house is the property of nearly 3,000 Socialists, each of whom has subscribed \$10.00 for the purpose of publishing the International Socialist Review and the greatest possible number of the best revolutionary books. Nine hundred more of the \$10.00 shares are still for sale. Each stockholder has the privilege of buying all our books and some other books at cost. If we can sell these 900 shares within the next few weeks, it will enable us to double our output of Socialist literature. That is why we offer this 50-volume library NOW for LESS THAN COST with a share of stock.

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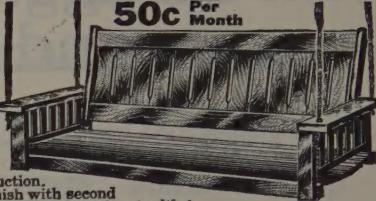
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No. MK203. Substantial solid Oak Porch Swing, made with bolted construction. Fumed oak finish with second coat of lacquer. Has slatted seat with 4 slats and rounded slats; paneled ends and back; and comfortable arm rests. Is 50 inches wide; 43 inches between arms. Seats is 17 inches deep. Comes complete with non-rusting 8 1/2 ft. adjustable chains and ceiling hooks. Here is a swing that is well made and one that will give you great comfort. Our exceptionally low price of \$2.25

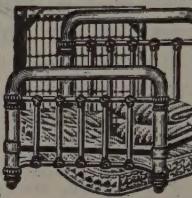


Refrigerator

No. MK206. Made of genuine ash, paneled front and sides, golden oak finish. Removable lift lid; all-metal cushion ice chamber support. Sliding wire shelves; removable waste pipe and patent syphon. Galvanized iron ice rack, holds 75 lbs. Hardware genuine brass, nickel plated. It is 43 in. high, 25 1/2 in. wide, 18 1/2 in. deep.

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Steel Bed Outfit Bargain



No. MK148. Elegant 2-inch continuous post steel bed, 2 1/2-in. fillers in artistic design, height head end 52 in., link fabric steel frame springs, cotton top mattress, and two 1 1/2 lb. hen feather pillows 18 x 26 in. All sizes, 3 ft., 3 ft. 6 in.; 4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 in., full size. Colors, White, Pea Green or Vermis Martin. A remarkable bargain at our low price of only \$8.98

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Oak Rocker

No. MK185. Solid oak; genuine quartered oak arms; rich golden finish. Front posts and front rail, top rail and side wings richly carved. Seat and back upholstered with brown imitation Spanish leather. Filling of wood fibre and moss. Seat 19 1/2 x 19 in., six spiral springs. 38 in. high. Strong runners, heavy posts. Price. \$3.97



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